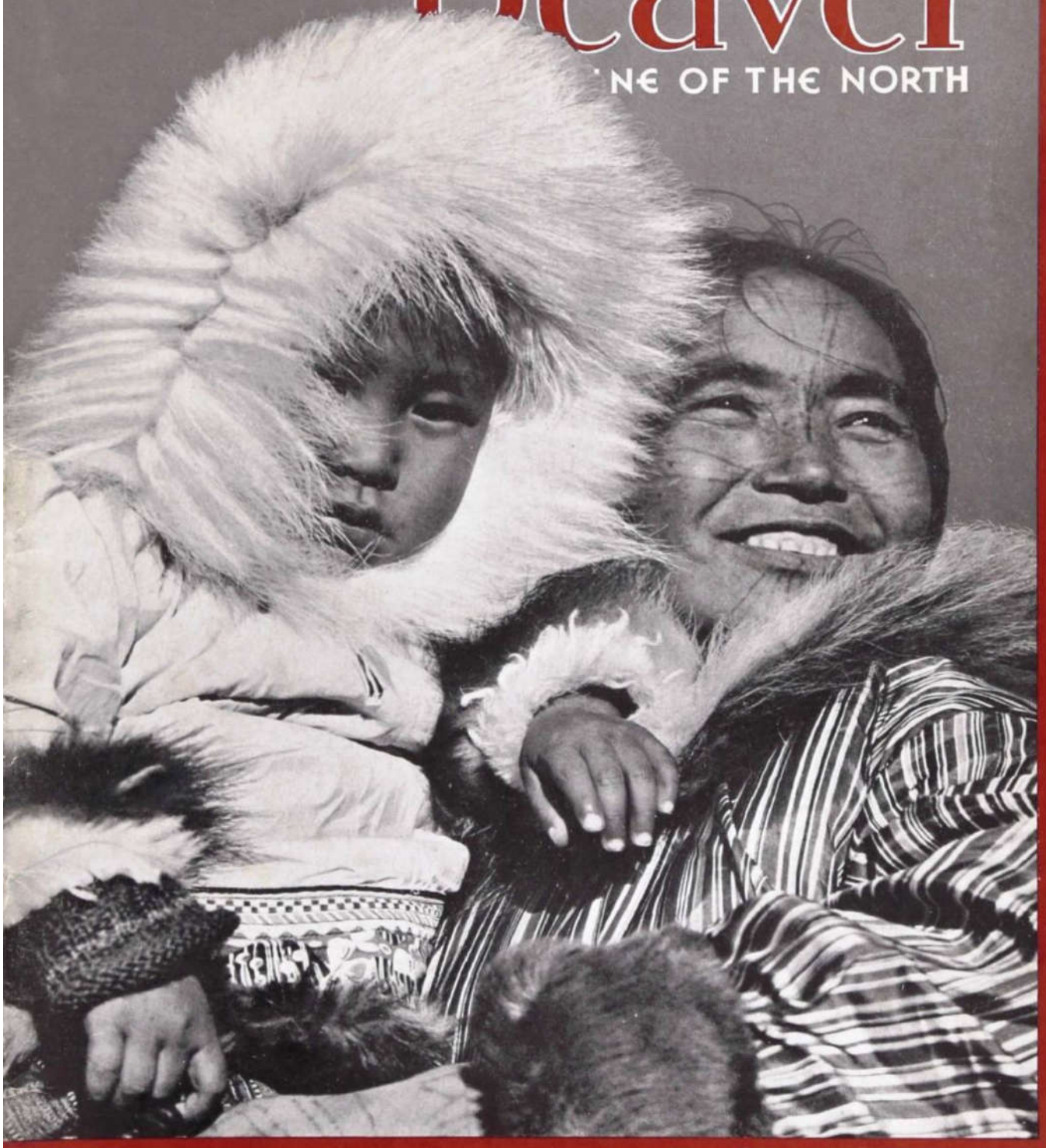
The Beaver

'NE OF THE NORTH



OUTFIT 268
NUMBER 3

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY
Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

Governor's Christmas Message, 1937

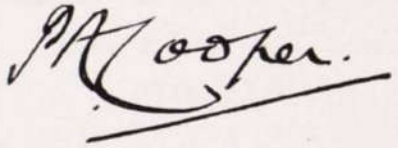
ONCE again the time has come to wish you all a very happy Christmas. I do this with all the more warmth as I have not been able this year to meet more than a very few of you in Canada. It is of course unnecessary to say that I have followed all your activities and achievements with as close and as deep an interest as ever. Once more I congratulate each one of you on further successes in which every department and section has shared.

As you all know, the Company has now recovered its position and is showing welcome profits. This then is perhaps the moment to remind ourselves that the making of profits should not be the sole concern or objective of a great organization like ours.

We have an obligation—not to be disregarded—to ourselves and to our neighbours, to set an outstanding example of high principles and fine ideals, both of which are needed in the world to-day.

A long and distinguished history brings with it certain benefits and advantages for which we must indeed be grateful. But its more important legacy is the obligation to maintain and, if possible, to improve on that great record, remembering that it is our reputation for fair dealing which will live after us.

I wish you all the very best of luck and of health and a very happy and successful New Year.



Governor.

THE BEAVER

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

The Driver who mistook Cambridge Bay for Cambridge Street

OUTFIT 268 NUMBER 3

DECEMBER 1937

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

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INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

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THE BEAVER is published quarterly by the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay, commonly known as the Hudson's Bay Company. It is edited at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, at the office of the Canadian Committee. Yearly subscription, one dollar: single copies, twenty-five cents. THE BEAVER is entered at the second class postal rate. Its editorial interests include the whole field of travel, exploration and trade in the Canadian North as well as the current activities and historical background of the Hudson's Bay Company, in all its departments throughout Canada. THE BEAVER assumes no liability for unsolicited manuscripts or photographs. Contributions are however solicited, and the utmost care will be taken of all material received. Correspondence on points of historic interest is encouraged. The entire content of THE BEAVER is protected by copyright, but reproduction rights will be given freely upon application. Address: THE BEAVER, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

THE HBC PACKET

On October 10th, when the Motor Barge *Weenusk* of the Mackenzie River Transport was on the way to Fort Vermilion, Earl Blanchard of the Company slipped on a sleet coated deck and fell into the river. In icy water and encumbered by heavy clothing, he was having great difficulty in keeping his head above water as the current carried him downstream. Constable S. L. Grayson, R.C.M.P., who was in the galley, came on deck and, taking in the situation in an instant, dived in fully clothed in uniform and brought Blanchard to shore. The rescue was officially acknowledged by the Company. This puts the 1937 rescue score heavily in favour of the men in the red coats. The rescue of the crew of the M.S. *Fort James* earlier in the season has already been reported.

Airplanes are apparently not enough. The network of radio communications which is being spread across the Company's Fur Trade map of Canada is another abrupt reminder of new days and new ways and of a universal tightening and speeding of commercial methods, even in the wilderness. With apprentices in the Fur Trade service now receiving training in gas engines, store keeping, bookkeeping, first aid, wireless, fur grading and housekeeping, it is difficult to foresee where this increasing standard is going to end. With these standards now being essential it is not unreasonable to speculate on future Fur Traders being pilots, geologists and meteorologists. Somewhere out of the blurred future will probably emerge the Complete All Round Canadian.

Hear, hear to the Royal Bank's note in a recent letter: "Year by year Canada is in the unique position of entertaining a number of visitors which is sometimes twice the number of her entire population. There is no country in the world where visitors come in such vast numbers. To the extent that each Canadian who comes in contact with these visitors helps to make their vacation pleasant, he will be doing his part toward fostering one of the great industries of Canada."

The ruthless and unrelenting campaign carried on by this fireside journal in support of noon guns is now four years old. Undiscouraged by the fact that not a single noon gun sounds off from any Company establishment anywhere, our determination to fight on and up in the cause is herewith re-affirmed. Until we shuffle out of the service weighed down with long service medals and bars, we are pledged to continue the crusade and from retirement we will write irate letters to the editor, still believing it is a great idea.

Without comment and for the special benefit of those who say, "But isn't it awfully lonely up there?" the following is lifted from the British Columbia District Fur Trade news: "J. T. Buchan, Manager at Liard, wishes a transfer to an isolated Post. Liard is now a stopping place on the Edmonton-Whitehorse air mail run, and Mr. Buchan states it has become far too civilized for him since the weekly mail service started."

From the Company's Post, King William Island, Western Arctic, to the Fur Trade Commissioner's office by wireless came this message:

"VE5LD contacted UPOL Soviet drifting North Pole expedition on twenty-first instant at twenty-three forty-five C.S.T. They gave their position as 84 degrees 22 minutes north latitude and three degrees east longitude Greenwich following extracts from his transmissions quote at Franz Josef Land there are our airplanes stop here are four men without airplanes we are here until April stop weather today twenty-two celsius now moonlight comma polar night until February stop here operator Krenkel I was operator after wreck of steamer Cheliuskin stop here heavy ice thirty-three meters the ground is three thousand meters difficult take the ground with the hands stop we are drifting south unquote. He was using twenty watts and we were using twelve watts input power stop on behalf of the Company we extended greetings to the party and wished them full success in their scientific work."

We learn from the Government of the Dominion of Canada that the Company has been awarded the "Grand Prix d'Honneur" for furs shown at the Paris Exhibition. No one seems to know what a "Grand Prix d'Honneur" is, or what one does when one receives it. Perhaps someone from the Fur Trade will be sent to Paris to be embraced by a French General while guns fire salutes and drums roll. Still it is all very flattering and we are quite sure that they were beautiful furs. It is hoped that *The Beaver* will be able to reproduce photographs of the skins and perhaps pictures of the Grand Prix too—with the Honneurs.

Company officials who have been to Hollywood, when asked about the widely rumoured film on H B C history, keep saying that they don't know, that there is nothing very definite, and that it *might* come off. So, we fall back on the movie gossip columns which, though certainly not as reliable as an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, are probably a little more speculative. This, from Louella O. Parsons of International News Service: "C. B. DeMille, who has never been known to make a piker picture, is planning one of the most spectacular epics of his long career. He will bring "Hudson's Bay" to the screen with Fred MacMurray as the leading character. Moreover, C. B. will take Fred and the entire company on a long location trip up into the wilds of Canada for authentic backgrounds.

"The DeMille adventure yarn features the struggle between the Northwest Fur Company and the Hudson's Bay Company for the right to explore the rich Canadian Northwest. Jeanie Macpherson, who has been DeMille's top writer for many years, is busy on the necessary research."

The Company's air mileage rolls up with 209,505 miles for the first nine months of the year: In Europe 8,820 miles; in U.S.A. 128,286; in Canada 72,399.

Leading in individual mileages are: P. A. Chester, General Manager, 17,284; Miss F. A. Hatch, Fur Buyer, Vancouver, 13,804; M. R. Lubbock, Fur Trade Commissioner's Office, 8,934; Mrs. P. B. Campbell, Children's Wear Buyer, Winnipeg, 4,142; R. D. Guthrie, Wholesale Department, Winnipeg, 1,879.

From time to time it is necessary to restate the editorial attitude on the subject of obituaries. In a Company the size of ours, with activities so wide spread and with pioneer family connections throughout all Canada, official "gazette" features are unsatisfactory in a quarterly magazine. The problem of doing justice to the various dead, without insincere eulogy for all and honesty for none, is so complicated and so intrusive upon magazine space that obituaries are not carried except in most unusual circumstances.

For a few swift pages of this number *The Beaver* steps into retailing, not as a serious commercial study, but as a picture story of a way of life within the Company's service. *Beaver* readers who are accustomed to hunting, fishing, ice and snow and fur trading are reminded that this is, after all, a house magazine dedicated to the work of unity among all ranks of those who serve. The glimpses of Retail Store life and work were contributed from several stores in response to a circular request. Hundreds of pictures were submitted, but in the interests of a lucid, coherent story, only a few could be chosen. Manuscripts were also submitted—some good ones too—but it was decided that to keep the store feature in pictures only, was the best way for us to capture the tempo of the business. So, many of our contributors this time are anonymous photographers, and to them, special thanks.

For the rest, the book brings the usual diversity. Martin Bovey of Concord, Massachusetts, gives us "Ogoki River Square-Tails." Richard Finnie of Ottawa tells the really exciting story of Fort Ross. Miss Kathleen Shackleton who came from London in September to draw fur trade portraits presents the first four of a series of pastel studies. The Frozen Dutchman story came to us in the mail from John S. Gustine, Jr., of Philadelphia. We are not sure whether our editorial leg is being pulled, or not, but the story tells well. Miss Margaret Bourke-White of New York regards her Northern trip with the Governor General's Party as the most interesting of her career, which has been very crowded with unusual travels. Special acknowledgment must be made to *Life* magazine for the use of Miss Bourke-White's photographs. Mr. Pendleton of the Edmonton District office sent us Goldfields. Particular attention is drawn to the Fur Trade District notes from the Western Arctic and Ungava Districts.

Hudson's Bay Record Society

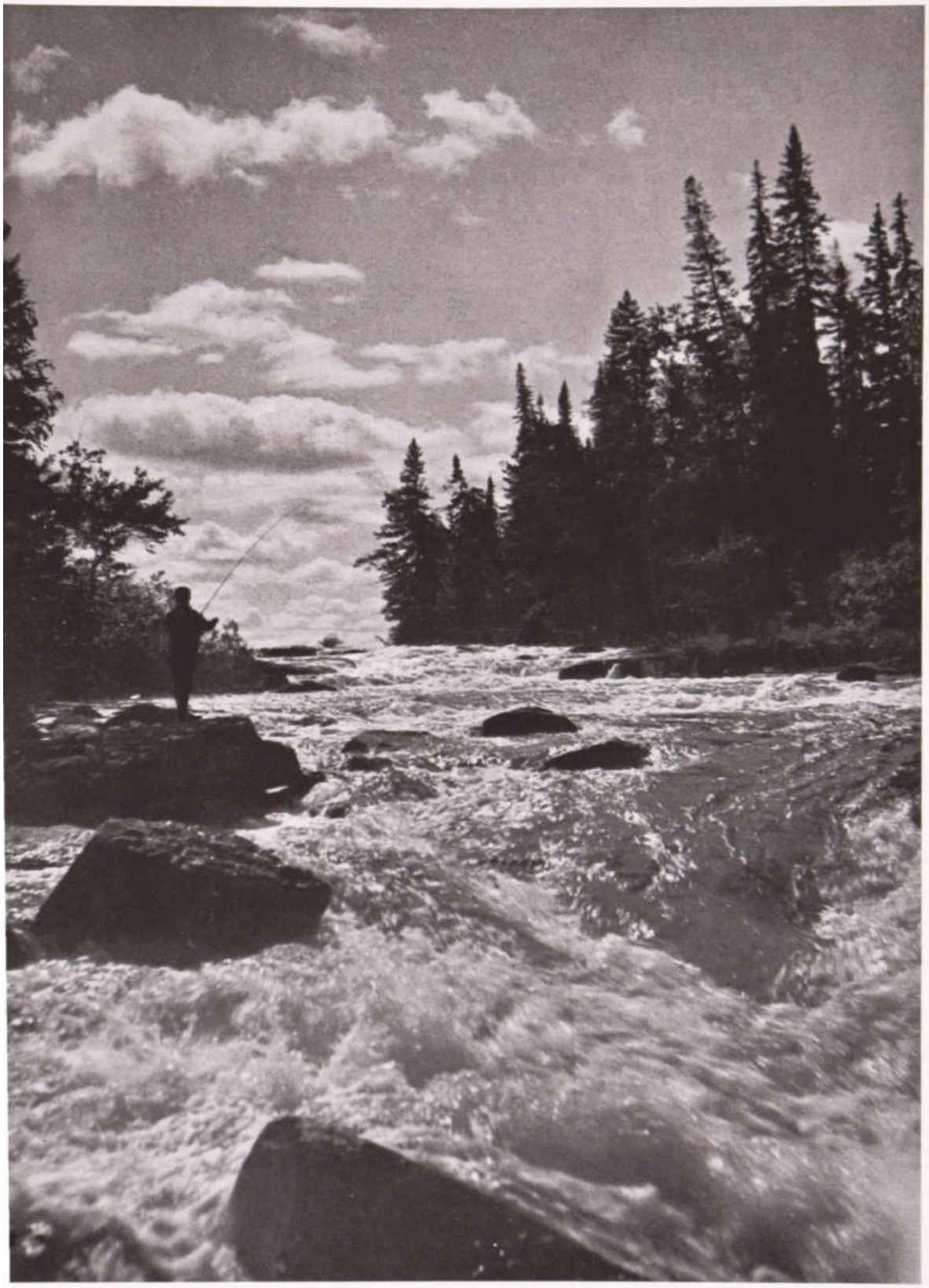
CLASSIFICATION of the Company's unique records in London has been in progress some years with view to publication. The Company announces that for this purpose the Hudson's Bay Record Society will shortly be inaugurated. The Council of the new society will include Mr. Ashley Cooper, the Governor, Sir Campbell Stuart, Lord MacMillan and Sir Edward Peacock.

Subscription for membership, to be limited, will be $5.00 per annum, entitling every member to one copy of a volume published each year in association with the Champlain Society. The subject of the first volume to be published in 1938 is George Simpson's Athabasca Journal and Report of 1820-1821.

"Beaver" subscribers who are interested are invited to write to the editor, who will furnish full particulars as soon as issued.

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

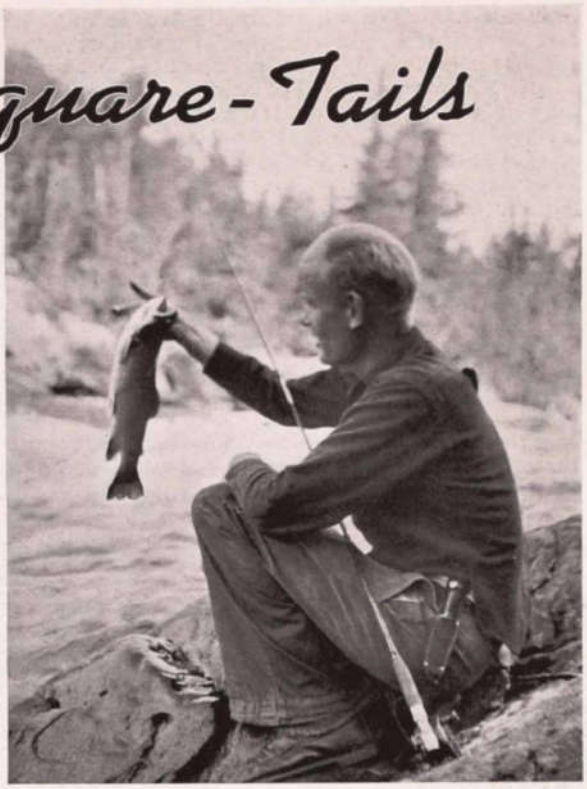


Fishing
The Ogoki

Ogoki River Square-Tails

By
MARTIN K. BOVEY
Concord, Mass.

Photographs by the author



The author with a "square-tail"

Believing that fishing stories are good anytime Mr. Bovey's story is released in December. The descent of Ogoki river with sporting interludes might do something for the tourist business.

THE manager of the Hudson's Bay Company's store at Sioux Lookout was an old friend. "We want two weeks canoeing," we told him, "and we won't complain if we run into some trout. Where shall we go?"

Mr. Cargill scanned the map spread out on the counter. "You might try the Ogoki River," he suggested finally. "The Indians say there are trout in it. Anyhow, it's a fine canoe river."

"The Ogoki? Where is it?" Jack asked.

"East. It's a tributary of the Albany."

A tributary of the Albany! That settled it. For years I had dreamed of paddling down the Albany to the shores of Hudson Bay.

Late the next afternoon we loaded our canoe and grub box aboard the eastbound Continental Limited, and, just before midnight, dropped off the train at the three buildings that are Collins, Ontario. We rolled out our eiderdowns in the waiting-room of the diminutive station to fall asleep to the rattle of the telegraph.

Next morning we asked the local trader the inevitable question: "Are there speckled trout in the Ogoki River?"

He answered without hesitation. "Sure. You'll find 'em at Calm Lake Rapids. Maybe you'll find 'em above that."

Two hours later we were paddling north.

By small lakes and a small river and many rough portages we came to Smoothrock Lake. A wind sprang out of the south, so we hoisted our sail and flew over the miles of sparkling water that stretched to the end of Lonebreast Bay, and more portages. Then we sped on past the magnificent sand beaches of Whitewater Lake, and entered the Ogoki.

The roar of tumbling water came up the river, and before us we saw the leaping line of white at the head of a falls. The portage was short and picturesque; the campsite at the lower end all but virgin; the river plunging headlong down a steep chute completely glorious.

We held a council of war. The bait-casting rod with a spinner was our decision. We knew it would work on the wall-eyed pike, and surely the trout would go for it too—if there were any trout. If there were? Well, then of course we'd rig up the flyrods.

Half an hour later we had all the wall-eyes we could manage in two meals, but no trout.

We moved on, and came to another rapids. Just where the water began to quicken, three big fish, lying in full sunlight, showed up plainly in the shallow water.

"Trout!" exclaimed Joe, and Jack sent the spinner sailing through the air. It landed above them, swung down on the current, and passed directly in front of

their noses. Jack cast again, and again, and at each cast we waited for the explosion of a striking *fontinalis*, but nothing happened. Joe, who has spent his life on the Nipigon and should know trout, grew colourfully eloquent. The gist of his remarks was that only a sucker born out of wedlock would act as those fish acted, but that if he couldn't tell a sucker from a trout he ought to quit guiding and spend the rest of his life playing parcheesi.

On our fourth day we reached Eight Flume Falls, the show spot of the upper Ogoki. From the great pool at the foot of the flumes we took some fine pike, but we saw no sign of a trout, so when we had all the fish we could eat we pitched our tents on an island in the upper end of Calm Lake.

"Well, boys," Joe said as he set the frying pan on the fire, "if that trader, Mr. Pardy, knows what he's talking about we'll be eating trout tomorrow noon. And that won't be a bit too soon for me! I like eating these wall-eyed pike—pickerel we always call 'em in Canada—but I sure hate having to scale 'em."

About ten o'clock the next morning we reached Calm Lake Rapids and landed on the naked rock that rims the head of the drop. Jack went to work with the casting rod, and the moment the spinner went out of sight a fish struck. Joe grabbed the landing net, and we raced for the water's edge, eager to have a look at this fish. As he came to the surface we saw the black of his back, then a streak of yellow belly.

Joe groaned. "More scales, so help me God!"

A moment later pike number two came to the net. Joe's face was not a happy one. He removed the spinner gingerly, smacked the head of the fish on the rock, and tossed him over to where the other was lying.

"Go get your flyrod, Bov," he implored. "Let's get the low-down on this man Pardy."

While I was setting up my rod and soaking a leader, Jack brought in a third pike.

I tied on a number two Parmachenee Belle, made a couple of false casts, and dropped the fly just where Jack had hooked his first two wall-eyes. The fly disappeared the moment it struck the water, and the reel began to hum. Then with a rush the fish came to the surface, rolled, and went out of sight, but we had seen all we needed to see—just a flash of colour, not the yellow of the wall-eye's belly, but the brilliant pink of the fish of fish. Whatever happened now, we could never accuse Pardy of being anything but an honest man. There *were* trout at Calm Lake Rapids!

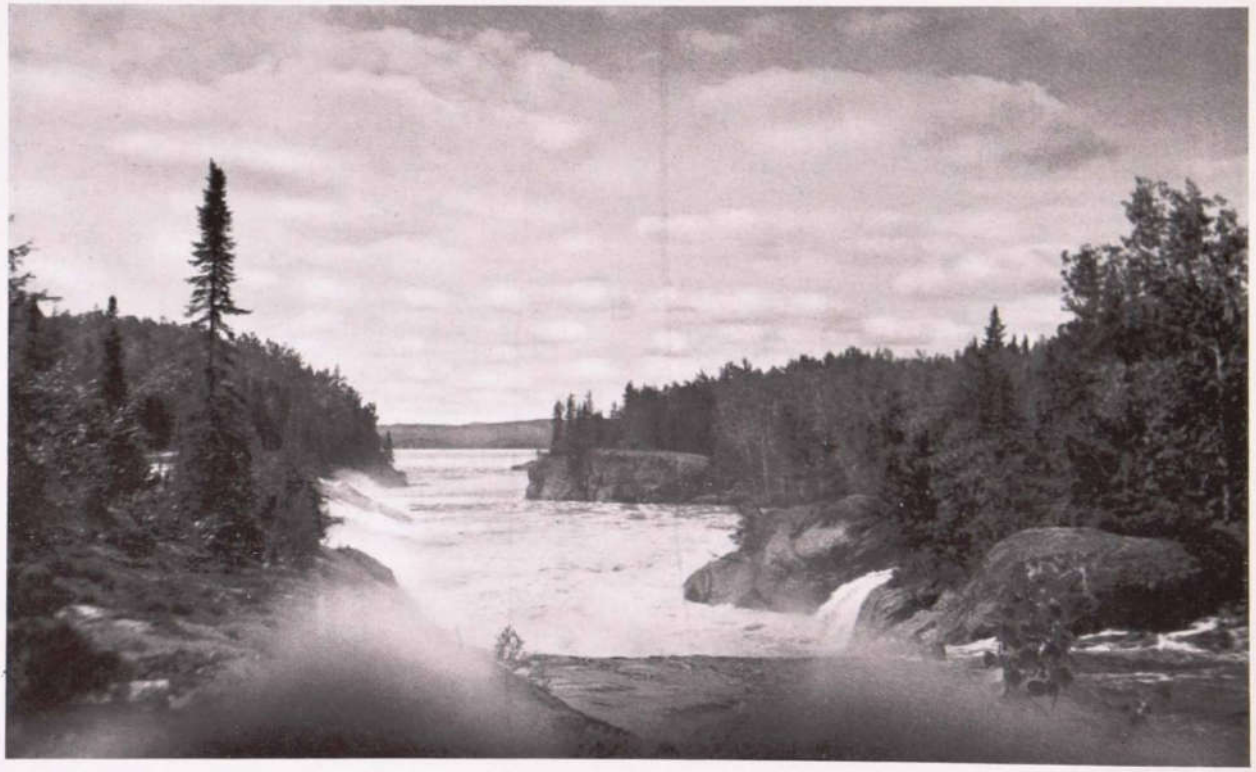
I was far too excited to have any clear recollection of just what happened in the next five minutes. I was conscious only of hearing Joe shout words of advice, of seeing him plunge the net into the river three times and each time bring it out empty. Vaguely I realized that back of me Jack had the motion picture camera going, and that if I pulled a boner he would have proof of it. Then, after what seemed an eternity, the net came out of the river very full of life.

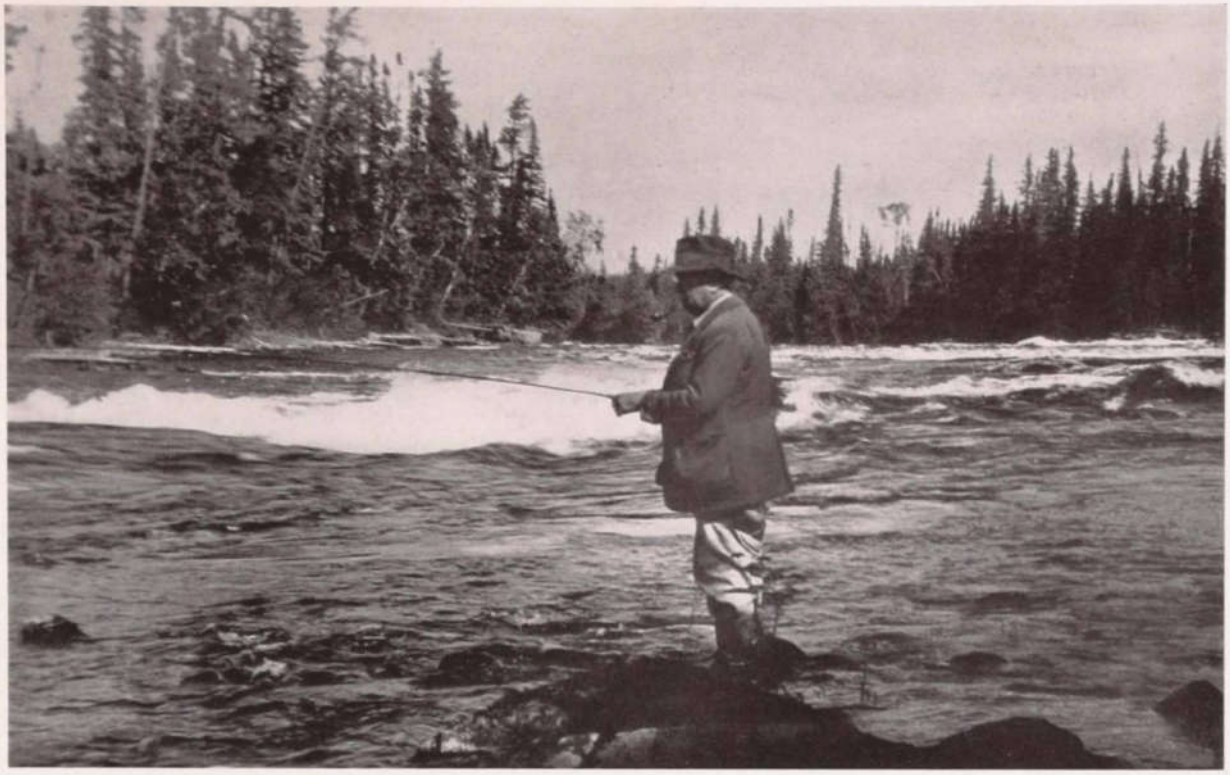
We had no scales on this trip, but we did measure the fish. He was just over sixteen inches, and thick. Probably he weighed two pounds.

On my third cast I hooked his twin brother.

"I guess we'll camp right here," Jack declared, and headed for the canoe to get his own flyrod.

Eight Flume Falls





Fishing at the Wapoose Rapids

I moved downstream, fishing as I went, and came at length to the head of a shallow, narrow run cut off from the main channel by a line of rocks. I waded out into the stream and began to fish the top of the run. It was splendid looking water, so I fished it thoroughly but saw not a sign of a trout. I changed my fly, putting on a Silver Doctor this time, and dropped it at the side of one of the rocks. Instantly there was a terrific swirl, and as I set the hook I realized I had a fish that was a fish. He raced toward me across the top of the rapids, then went down the river with a rush. I had not yet learned that on the Albany River watershed one never fishes for square-tails without at least a hundred feet of backing. My reel was empty of line in a second, so I plunged downstream after him. Fifty yards below, in the deep quiet water at the foot of this part of the rapids, the fish stopped, and ten minutes later I got the net under him. He was so much bigger than any trout I had ever caught that I felt sure he must weigh five pounds. I headed back upstream, running as hard as I could. On the way I met Jack, and together we raced on to where Joe was squatting before a fire on the flat rock at the head of the rapids.

"Look me over!" I shouted as we came in sight. "How much do you suppose this one weighs?"

Joe took him and held him up, his finger in the gills. "Boy, oh boy, oh boy, will we eat now! He's good for pretty close to three and a quarter pounds, Bov—maybe three and a half."

"Three and a half! My God, Joe, do you think you're looking at a goldfish! If he doesn't weigh five pounds I'll throw him back."

Joe laughed. "He's big enough to keep all right, but it takes an awful lot of trout to pull a scale down to five pounds. Let's see how long he measures."

Jack produced the tape, and we laid the fish out on the rock. From the tip of the lower jaw to the middle of the tail was just twenty-one inches. I know now that Joe's estimate was pretty close to correct.

When I had given a full account of the battle, I got out the moving picture camera and handed it to Jack. "And don't stop until I tell you to," I said, and held up my fish. I let him hold his finger on the trigger until the bell announced that the spring was run down.

Five minutes later Joe took the frying pan off the fire and began dishing out "the twins." Our plates looked mighty full as we settled down to the feast, but after the first mouthful we wondered if Joe hadn't better put the big one on the fire.

As the first forkful disappeared, a grin spread over Joe's face. "Boys," he boasted, "I'll eat all of that kind you can catch—and love it."

"Be careful we don't make you eat your words," Jack warned him.

Three days later at the Wapoose Rapids we did just that.

After lunch we set up camp, then went fishing again. Jack got an eighteen inch fish, I, a twelve inch one, but the real fun of the afternoon came while I was taking a picture of Jack and Joe. Joe was using my rod, and they were both fishing in a big pool far out in the river to which we had walked in ankle deep water on a broad flat ledge of rock. Suddenly there was a tremendous swirl, and I saw a mighty trout rise to my

Campsite at the Wapoose Rapids

Silver Doctor. Joe struck and missed. The fish came back for the fly on the next cast, and on the next and the next. It seemed as though he were playing a game with us, coming up with a rush, mouth closed, to butt the fly with the tip of his jaw as a soccer player bounces the ball off his head. Finally he grew weary of making a monkey out of us and disappeared.

Next morning, although Jack had no luck at all, I landed three fish that measured fourteen, sixteen and twenty-one and five-eighths inches. Then we moved down the river and reached the next rapids—Sentinel Rock—at five o'clock.

Jack lost a big fish just after we landed, and a few minutes later I got one that went twenty inches. After that we got no more trout, but near the bottom of the rapids we caught several wall-eyes in very fast water, and finally a perfectly huge wall-eye smashed Jack's leader as a woman would break a piece of thread.

In the middle of the river right at the very top of the falls was a tiny island. It was only a big bare rock down either side of which the river flung itself in a chaos of thundering water. At the lower end of the island was as lovely a pool as one could ask for.

"There's where the really big fish are," I said to Joe when he came down the shore to call us for supper. "Out there, where no one can get at them."

"Maybe we can get at them. Sit down a minute and let's watch how that water at the head of the island acts."

We perched on a high rock, and Joe studied the water for a long time. "See that wedge of still water running up from the head of the island?" He asked at length. "The water goes down mighty fast on either side of it, but if you can drop into that slack water without getting pulled down one side, you're as safe as here on this rock. We'll take a crack at those big fish tomorrow morning, if you like."

"Good Lord, Joe," I said, "it looks like plain suicide to me."

"No more suicide than eating a good meal. Let's get back to camp."

Alone Jack and I should never have attempted landing on that tiny island on the "brink of eternity," but in Joe's ability as a canoeman we had implicit faith.

Joe was in the bow, I in the stern, Jack on the bottom in the middle holding two extra paddles. The current took us slowly down towards the head of the island and the edge of the falls. My head throbbed with the surging crash of cascading water. My lungs seemed always empty of air.

"Reverse!" The order came from Joe in a voice as free from tension as though he were saying, "Hold the light," while he reached for a cigarette. We were just above the wedge of still water into which we would drop the canoe.

I slid from the seat, turned and knelt facing the stern and up the river. Joe did the same. He was the stern man now.

"Paddle! Not so fast! Just keep her straight and let the current take us down."

The trees marched slowly up the stream. Back of me rose the terrifying thunder of the falls.

"Paddle! Harder!" Joe's voice was more staccato this time.

I paddled furiously.

"O.K. Let her drop back again. We had started down the left side that time."

This time we started down the right side, and again Joe's voice cut through the measured thunder of the water. "Take her back up!"

Then we dropped down again, and something in my throat was gagging me, and I did what I swore I wouldn't do—looked over my shoulder, as though my faith in Joe had left me.

We were just above the flat rock of the island, just above the brink over which the water on either side of us flung itself in leaping madness. And then, while my paddle was frozen in mid air, the stern scraped and Joe was on the rock, grinning as he held us fast and safe while the bow swung in.

The pool proved disappointing, and we caught only two fifteen inch fish before we shoved off and paddled —all three of us—madly up against the current.

Next day at noon we were at the Wapoose Rapids, and before Joe had unloaded the canoe Jack and I each had a sixteen inch beauty.

After lunch we set to work in earnest, fishing a great pool into which we could wade waist deep. The fish were all of the same size—sixteen inches—but they swarmed to our flies like bees to clover.

Joe came down to us when the tents were up. "Got any more?" he asked, hopefully. "Those two we had for lunch just whetted my appetite."

"Look under that alder bush," Jack suggested. "Maybe with bacon and a pike or two you can eke out a meal. Bov and I have sworn off *eating* fish."

We had set the stage nicely. They were laid side by side on freshly cut spruce in the shade of an alder—seven of them. I was drawing a Royal Coachman slowly across the upper end of the pool, but was watching Joe over my shoulder. Just as his head came out of the bushes my line went smoking from the reel as another fish charged for the foot of the pool.

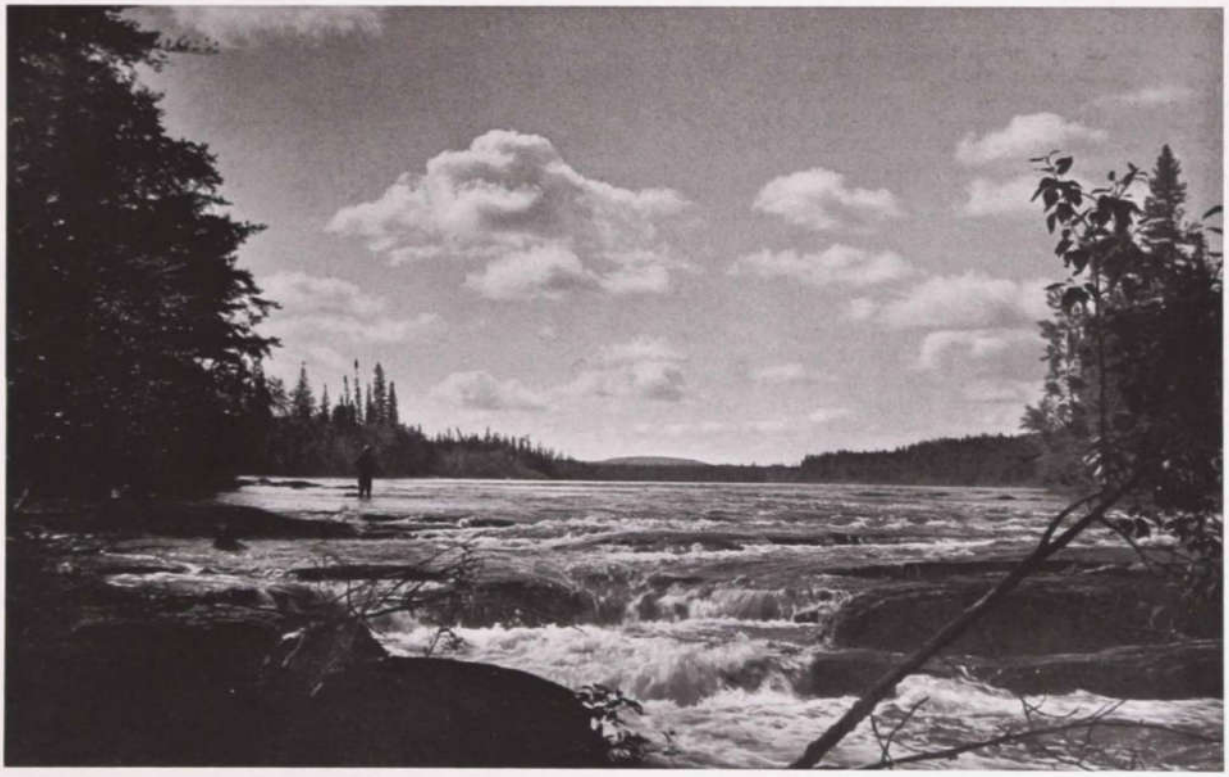
"For once we're going to see that you don't go to bed hungry, Joe," I shouted as I settled down for a hard fight. "Get the net, will you?"

"My gosh, Bov," Joe spluttered as he ran towards me. "You better put this one back. The law only allows a man ten pounds a day, and when it comes to eating that mess of trout—well, I'm just plain licked."

Thinking things over in the easy chair, we wonder if Joe really can tell a sucker from a trout, if there really are trout above Calm Lake Rapids. We have since been back to the Ogoki to try to find the answer to the question, but though we fished with a fly from the start we caught no trout above Calm Lake. But we really don't feel that we know any more than we did after the first trip—the water was so high, the fishing so disappointing, even at the Wapoose, that we got only four minnows in the two weeks we were out.

But of one thing we are sure. If one were always certain of a good catch, fishing would be very dull indeed. How monotonous the sport would be if luck were not fickle—even on the Ogoki!

Wapoose Rapids



LIFE in the North

By MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE, courtesy "Life" Magazine

Sister Dupart, Sister Lavoie and Sister M. Nadeau of the Hospital General des Soeurs de Charite at Fort Smith

Margaret Bourke-White, leaving a trail of flashlight bulbs down the Mackenzie and across the Arctic coast, accompanied the Governor General's party last summer. (The bulbs have been salvaged for sock darners in the North.) Miss Bourke-White, whose work has taken her to Russia and South America, and who is regarded as one of the foremost industrial photographers in the United States, regards her few August weeks in the North as the most interesting of an adventurous career.

Fort Norman on the Mackenzie River

Air view of Fort Smith. The rapids and the end of the portage are on the right

R. W. McKinnon, operator at Fort Norman oil well

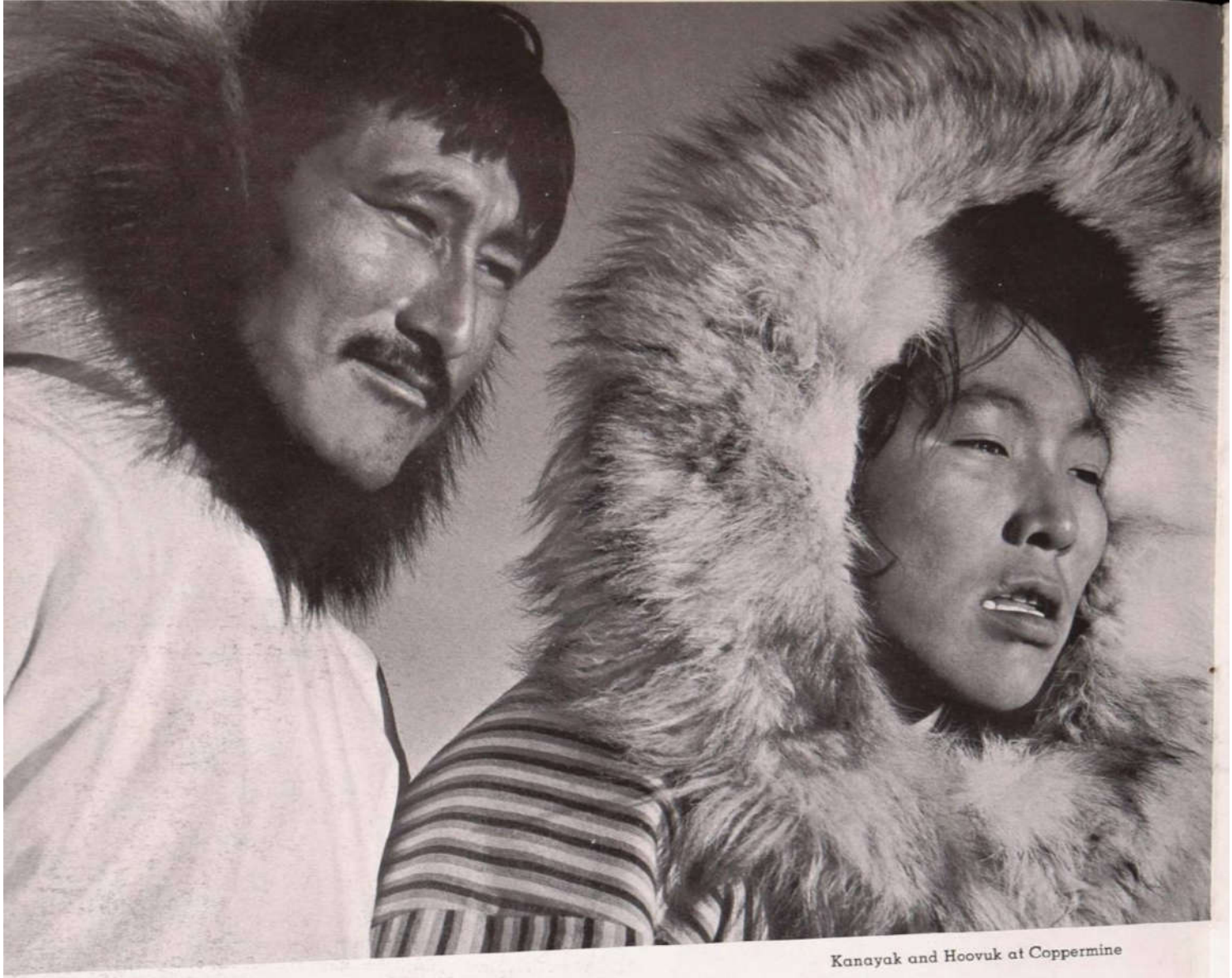
Fish and nets drying at Aklavik.

Eskimos and Company Post at Tuktuk

Dog feed for the winter months

Three Indians enjoying their pipes at Fort Good Hope

Right Rev. A. L. Fleming, Anglican Bishop of the Arctic at Coppermine



Kanayak and Hoovuk at Coppermine

Dora Klengenberg, who sailed with her father, Patsy Klengenberg, through the North-west Passage to Fort Ross

THE NEWS REEL

Baling furs at Coppermine, N.W.T., for shipment to the London Fur Auctions

Miss Kathleen Shackleton, who is in Canada doing a series of Northern portraits

J. H. Bennett of Vancouver Wholesale enjoys being a Fort Garry tea and coffee salesman. Taken at Salmon Arm, B.C.

"Sometimes we have to ford rivers." Two Land Department lessees on the car of E. W. Atkins, inspector for Alberta

The new cairn beside the school at Fort McMurray to mark the famous Methye Portage. It was the back breaking 13 mile portage over the height of land dividing the Saskatchewan and Mackenzie river basins. All the trade goods for the North went over this portage—usually on men's backs in 90 pound bales

Digging for cannons, alleged to be buried at the site of Rocky Mountain House, Alberta

FUR TRADE CONFERENCE, 1937

Top row, left to right: A. Bruce, A. Copland, R. H. Chesshire, A. B. Cummings, R. H. G. Bonnycastle, W. E. Brown, Ralph Ingram, H. P. Warne.
Centre row: J. Cantley, J. Poitras, R. W. Murray, J. Glass, J. Milne, L. A. Graham, W. Watson, W. Nairn.
Front row: S. H. Parsons, M. Cowan, Wm. Conn, Ralph Parsons (Fur Trade Commissioner), John Bartleman, George Watson, R. A. Talbot.

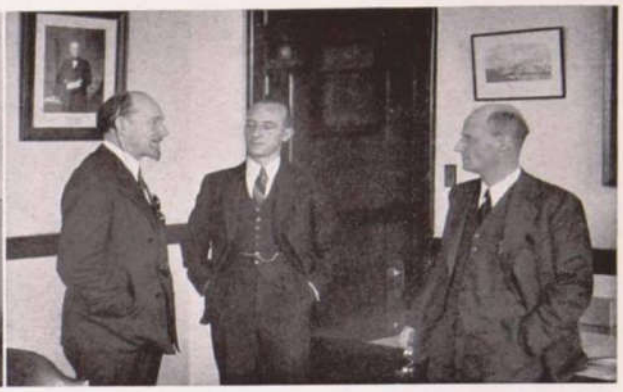
Margaret Bourke-White, whose Northern photographs are featured in this issue.

Below: New $40,-000 Company store at Baie Comeau, Quebec, on the North shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. $30,-000,000 are being spent here on a newsprint development.

Bob Middleton, post manager at Fort Chipewyan, in front of the old post buildings. The new buildings are across the harbour.

Below: Tommy Sinclair, who has recently retired after 36 years service, and W. G. Scholz, sorting furs at the Fur Purchasing Agency, Winnipeg.

Sir Hubert Wilkins' 'plane used in search for the Russian fliers refueling at Coppermine, N.W.T.



Sir Hubert Wilkins discussing Arctic weather and supplies with A. Copland, District Manager for Western Arctic, and Ralph Parsons, Fur Trade Commissioner.

P. Harrison explaining the gun display to some visitors at the Winnipeg Store Historical Exhibit.

J. J. G. Rosser, pensioner, who spent last summer in charge of the model trading post at the Historical Exhibit.

E. Ingrams, Manager of the London Fur Department, and H. P. Warne, Inspector of the Fur Purchasing Agencies, at Jasper, during Mr. Ingrams' recent trip to this country.

W. M. Thomson, London Buying office, B. L. Haas and D. Dale, Vancouver Store, and G. W. Lawrence, Retail Stores Office, enjoy a foursome at Point Grey Country Club, Vancouver.

Coal mining in the North. Native miners at Pond's Inlet, Baffin Island.

Mrs. G. P. Hedges, Montreal, at the Seigniory Club, P.Q.

H. M. Park, Manager at St. Anthony Mines Outpost. It seems like a stage set but is merely part of a trader's life.

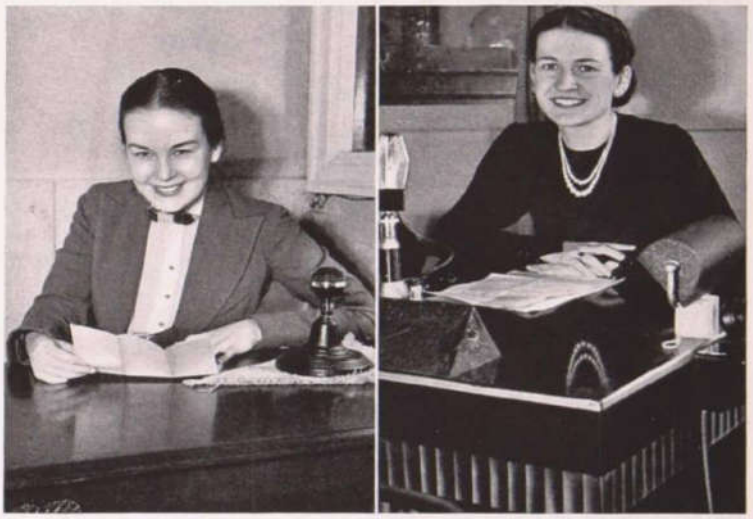
His Excellency Lord Tweedsmuir with Mr. McLure and party inspecting McLure & MacKinnon Fox Farms Ltd. at Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Lord Tweedsmuir with Capt. V. A. Cazalet of the London Committee of the Company with the golf pro., Charlie Duncan, at Jasper.

Jim Brewster, Fred Hall, President C.A. Ski A. (with coffee, cigarette, stop watch and Blanket Coat) and S. R. Lockeberg, Technical Chairman at the Dominion Ski Championships at Banff.

The furs for which the Company won the Grand Prix d'Honneur at the Paris Exposition.

Mr. J. Creighton, oldest employee of the Victoria Store.



"Here Comes the Girl from the Hudson's Bay!"—a familiar phrase to thousands of Edmonton and District radio listeners. Miss Eileen McPeake and Miss Vera Cuthbertson, of the Edmonton Store, are "on the air" from 8.15 to 8.30 a.m., six days in the week, over CFRN and CJCA.

A. J. Gilbert, Merchandise Manager of Winnipeg Store, acting as chairman of the Floor Coverings and Draperies conference at Calgary.

A prize team of 1906 at Vancouver. This team was bought from W. C. Brown for $600.00.

BUYING OFFICES

THE network of purchasing for Hudson's Bay Company Stores extends, with buying offices and buying affiliations, from Shanghai to Constantinople. Most important in volume are the Montreal and Toronto offices. From these two industrial centres buyers are constantly exploring "the market." To the layman it is a surprise to learn how much merchandise has to be hunted out. Enterprising as they may be in inventiveness and production, many small manufacturers still have to be discovered by buyers. It is the work of these offices to know the resources of the Eastern market.

On the right from the top:

E. P. Lennon, Manager of the Montreal Buying Office, whose performance is not nearly as academic as this picture would indicate.

E. O. Follis, buyer, with Miss R. E. Sturdy and Mrs. J. Macleod.

W. A. Stewart, buyer.

Miss A. P. Peck, buyer.

On the left from the top:

R. Simpson, manager, Toronto Buying Office, previously a department manager in Calgary and Winnipeg Stores.

Miss M. Wilkins of the office staff.

E. J. Kalef, buyer.

A. C. Atkins, who has since been transferred to Victoria Store.

The Frozen Dutchman

By JOHN S. GUSTINE, JR., Philadelphia, Pa.

A gruesome but true tale of the Arctic, telling of the strange find of a Goedetic Survey Party in 1902

IT was in the spring of 1901 that I, a young engineer, was transferred to the Canadian Geodetic Staff, under the guidance of a very able engineer, Mr. Henry van Harlingen, and five other engineers and three additional and very able assistants, in the character of two Indians and one Eskimo.

We had been at work for several weeks during the early fall, and already the harbinger of severe frosts, cold winds, was at our very door, with no end of snow squalls that would be considered, in our own temperate zone, most severe, and next to impossible. Still, our work there had to go on, snow, hail, darkness at early afternoon, and nights of snow, and really icy blasts coming down across Frobisher's Strait. The damp fog had a tendency to cast a pall, not over the land only, but all of us at times felt the depressing results. But our camp still managed to be cheerful, during enforced idleness indoors, caused by snow and darkness. There was, of course, the usual harmonica, with the strains of "Home Sweet Home," and the current musical strains that were popular at that time, and conversation always as to what was going to take place tomorrow, and who would get the first ducking, that is clothes and all, from partly frozen tundra, or slush ice.

It was near the end of the month and our expedition had now reached almost all of our allotted territory, and made our last location at latitude 59 degrees, 20 minutes north, with longitude 64-15 west, and there to the north was Hudson Strait and Frobisher Bay; to the east was Greenland and the Arctic Circle; and Davis Strait to the northeast—a God-forsaken, bleak collection of partly frozen water, small bergs, slush ice, and opened leads that looked inky black as they opened daily with the current or with the west wind off the shore.

Work progressed rather well, due to the fairly light fall of snow at times, and we felt that in a few more days we would make a return trek toward where the steamer would again pick us up and carry us back to civilization, to again sit down to a real white man's dinner and be able to say, "Give me some more of this," or "Let me have some more of so and so." Once again, how wonderful it would seem to smoke a real cigar or cigarette, instead of the black trade tobacco that one could get at the last post of the Hudson's Bay Company's trading station at Fort Chimo.

I remember we were checking up on a survey of the ice cap along shore and had dug small shafts through the ice to establish a mean surface, also different temperatures, as well as tide flows, and had arrived at our fourth digging point, some hundreds of yards from the coast, where we again started to sink a hole through the snow and ice.

It was terrifically cold. The snow and ice were just like so much steel, or let us say crystal; but work had to proceed. So, with the usual ice chisels, snow picks, and everything at our command, little by little on we went, at last to a bed of rock. Our trench now was about the proportions of a large fence-post hole, large enough for one man to stand in and hoist the rubble ice up on a rope in a canvas bag provided for that purpose. Soon, however, it was made larger and longer, as the slush ice became clogged in the trench.

By this time we had reached a depth of some seven feet, and, as it was impossible to go deeper, we assumed we had struck solid stone. So much so that our Mr. King, the metallurgist, jumped down to examine as to its formation, which these stone artists seem to know, of course, better than we did. After a few moments he said:

"Boys, dig for all you are worth. Those stones are not round or water worn; they have been cut by means of either hammers or bars. The edges are rough and irregular. They should be smooth and round. Just take a look at all the stones there you see on the side of that ridge, all wiped clean and smooth by the action of the elements and time."

The very words of King seemed to give new life to our efforts. Instantly the picks and chisels were pounding merrily on the hard frozen slush ice that coated the interstices of the stones like mortar on a foundation bed. In a short time, even in that temperature, our faces assumed a reddish tint. Some of us even pushed back the hoods of our parkas; and Sipsu, our Eskimo, tore off his reindeer parka, saying, "Boss, you watch-'em Eskimo make lots of snow come up."

It was plainly to be seen no aboriginal man ever layed those stones. There was a distinct method, that is still in vogue today, the proper method of laying a foundation. But why? Certainly no bridge was ever contemplated. It was the work of civilized people; and still how long and for what purpose had this layer of roughly cut stones been placed in their position?

Thinking that this might be a cache left by some long forgotten explorer, or a record of some ship whose bones were crushed between the icebergs and whose crew had long since been recorded by the sounding of the bell at Lloyds, we renewed our efforts, and in a short time came upon another course of stone which was layed in exactly a cross position to the top layer.

By this time there was no necessity for any of us to be urged on. There was no stopping that corps. We stopped being engineers and surveyors. We were down to the point where the finding of Morgan's or Capt. Kidd's treasure was just an afternoon's pastime.

By this time the afternoon was getting advanced, that is, about two o'clock, and as the Arctic evening, during the daylight season, is upon one before you know or realize it, it behooved us to still further expedite matters.

The pulling and raising of ice, stones, and small collections of dirt and decayed moss, was continued

with unabated haste. As the sun was now getting towards the low point, time was vital. We could not tell how long it would be before our search would be over, and no one knows in the North what will take place the next day. One works for the day only; tomorrow must take care of itself. A pessimist in the Arctic would die in a very short time, thinking of what might happen in the next few days. One has to be like the Eskimos. He is the personification of optimism. If there is something to do, it must be done and finished. There is no tomorrow in the Arctic.

We could not think it to be the grave of an early explorer, as there were no marks or chipped stones anywhere around—for which we even looked, handling every large stone carefully—nor anything that would be of value to science or possible exploration.

With much effort the entire corps were frantically digging and prying the rocks and rubble loose from the frozen tundra. Our bodies were steaming and of course our faces red from straining and prying loose the frozen mass of the foundation.

The more we dug, the more it reminded us of a modern bridge foundation as used by railroads all over the world; but why a stone foundation like this at the end of nowhere? No civilization, no business, in fact nothing but rock, snow, ice, and bleak country. Still, here was a secret of some kind, so there could be no rest until the riddle was solved.

By this time the afternoon was rather well advanced. The daylight is quite short in the northern latitudes, especially in the late fall or early winter. It was getting too dark to use any instruments about three o'clock in the afternoon. Still we kept on, frantically, spurred on by ever and anon hoping some wonderful bit of information would be just under the next ponderous stone. And those men, whoever layed the last course of stone, must have been strong men, not only to lay them, but to carry them from where they were originally lying. Or at least a strong man with plenty of assistants.

In some cases it took three or four of us to remove and haul one large stone out of the pit with the aid of sledge ropes and every conceivable strap, harness or belt; but always the work progressed. To me at the time it was like the finding of the pyramids by some early Roman explorer who did not know just what he was finding or what he had found, and naturally would be terribly excited over the faintest clue.

Upon removing the second course of laid stones, we found a long line of timbers lying cross-wise, which upon examination were found to be heavy oak staves such as used to be placed in large puncheons, the kind that were made to hold rum, about 85 gallons. These were laid on a bed of lichen grass such as is used to take up the dampness of the feet and is worn inside the boots of the Eskimo. There was at least a bed of some eight inches, all frozen into a solid mass, similar to the ordinary mat one finds on the doorstep of modern homes.

By this time I verily believe that everyone was almost perspiring, even with the temperature down around 30 degrees below, not only from our strenuous efforts, but possibly from the excitement of what we were going to find in the next few moments.

We stepped back to draw a few breaths, and sort of cool off. Some of us were actually perspiring so much that our parkas and hoods seemed too warm, and the hood was pushed back, and there several of us stood with bare heads, not minding the slight fall of more snow, and the cold wind that seemed to blow through one as if our heavy garments were made of paper.

And now again after a brief spell, we tackled the riddle that lay here before us. With picks and the only two short iron bars we had, we removed the covering of grass in sections such as we could handle in our cramped position, and there to our eyes was a most unusual sight.

Believe it or not, a man, fully dressed. Not what one would expect, but more in the garb of the seventeenth century, a dark suit of stoutly made homespun, similar to the modern Mackinaw cloth used by sportsmen of today, with large jack-boots, and a wide girdle around his torso, with a metal buckle. It looked like brass, but was so corroded and green that we could only make a guess as to what kind of metal it was.

His lower garments were knee breeches. The bottoms were stuffed into the boot tops, which were also of the same hardness as some of the clothing, not ragged as one would expect, but in a perfect state of preservation.

His face was covered by a long beard of sandy coloured hair, which came down almost to his belt buckle, and in a perfect state of preservation, while the hands were encased in long mittens made of some kind of skin, with fur on the inside. One could just here and there see the few frost incrusted hairs sticking out at the end of the wrists, while his hands were solemnly folded across the body. A most gruesome sight; but nevertheless inspiring. Our chief discerned a bronze or brass cylinder lying between the boots near the top portion of the legs, similar to an architect's plan container, as is now-a-days used.

On the head there was a cap of some kind of felt and one could see the traces of colour, red predominating. It must have been a marvellous dye, whoever the maker was, to have lasted so long under those severe conditions.

Who knows just when he was placed there? Possibly an early adventurer, or an explorer, or maybe an early whaleman, out of some European port on a long since forgotten ship. Maybe the cylinder will tell the story to the world. Possibly there are great-grandchildren still wondering just what became of the man who journeyed far, but never returned. But here he was and this was 1902, and there were people who could see him. It was like jumping more than a century literally from past to future. Gruesome, but wonderful.

We held a consultation as to just what we should do, and naturally all took another look, to bid the poor lonely chap a last farewell, then covering him again with the grass, the wooden hoops, and the stones, just as he was before, with the greatest care. We did not quite finish, as the Arctic darkness came all too quickly for us, but left our headquarters the next day to make a finished job of the ordeal, first removing, however, the bronze cylinder for research as to what really brought him to that bleak and God-forsaken land.

When it was all over, I looked around. What a terrible place. Right in sight to the north was Frobisher Bay, some seventy miles wide, and Hudson Strait frozen solid, and in the distance was Baffin Land, almost an icy inferno. The entire country a veritable ice box on an enormous scale, and our lonely friend, so to speak, in a perfect state of preservation which not even the modern undertaker could expect to improve upon.

But I must go on with my story, the cylinder was taken to our headquarters, and with much pains and many cuts and bruises, and with what few tools we

had, the lid was finally pried off. Inside there were a few papers, which we were unable to open, so consequently we made no effort to disturb them. But around the collection of small papers was a large sort of scroll, evidently made of parchment of some kind, or a paper that is not at all known today, and rather hairy on the outside. We were able to partly open this with the use of luke warm water, using draughtsman's thumb tacks and tacking it out on our field draughting table, which was about two feet wide and four feet long.

Little by little, after several hours' work away into the night, by every means at our limited command, candle and lantern, the scroll was at last partly opened by our chief of staff. How excited everyone was. The men stood around with mouths open like children about to see a Christmas package being opened. The dim light of the lanterns showed the dark, weather beaten complexions with the heavy parkas and fur coats, not to mention the layer of grime on the faces of most of us. In many cases the razor had been of little use to us in such weather and in such a climate. But here we stood almost breathless, as if viewing some major operation in a hospital.

At last it was out before us in a measure; but a failure and the secret of our poor lonely fellow seemed as far off as ever. We were for a time unable to read any of the crude writings on the script.

Knowing the German language, I was practically the only one who could at least make out a portion of the story that was in front of us.

His name was Derrick Van Laan, either an officer or possibly what was called a patroon in those days; either the backer of the venture or possibly the owner of the good ship "Goode Hoop" (Good Hope) out of a port of what is now Holland, the Netherlands; and the date of either his demise or his leaving port was the year 1740. Think of it! He had been there well preserved for one hundred and sixty-two years. We could make out the words "Hollendse Scheepen," so there must have been other ships, and he must have been there on that coast as a whaleman.

Derrick Van Laan is still there, keeping his lonely vigil on the point. His little resting place is properly made so that it will stand the ravages of time, by our piling up stones and making a cairn, with the help of our limited equipment, such as we had in hand.

Let us hope he will never be disturbed. Bleak as the country is, who knows but that it might at one time have even been his happy hunting grounds.

The entire case and contents were delivered some time later to the Canadian authorities. I have since been informed that they were sent to the Dutch Government sometime in 1904.

Of the party, few are here to this day, as the war has taken toll of those that were in the Arctic on that memorable day. Mr. Woodward Ells, assistant, Mr. E. Stanley Garner, assistant, and Mr. H. L. Putnum, all of Canada, have paid the price of war. The others, Mr. Geo. King and Mr. Henry Harlingen, chief-of-staff, are both deceased, passing away some ten years ago. They were the two oldest men. Both lived in the city of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Like the story of a ship-wreck, only the cook and myself are still left to tell this weird tale, as here unfolded. A relic of the past brought by accident into the present. Like the old saga of the sea, "He must have been a mighty man," Mynheer Derrick Van Laan, of Holland, the Frozen Dutchman.

The Christmas Gift

for friends interested in the North

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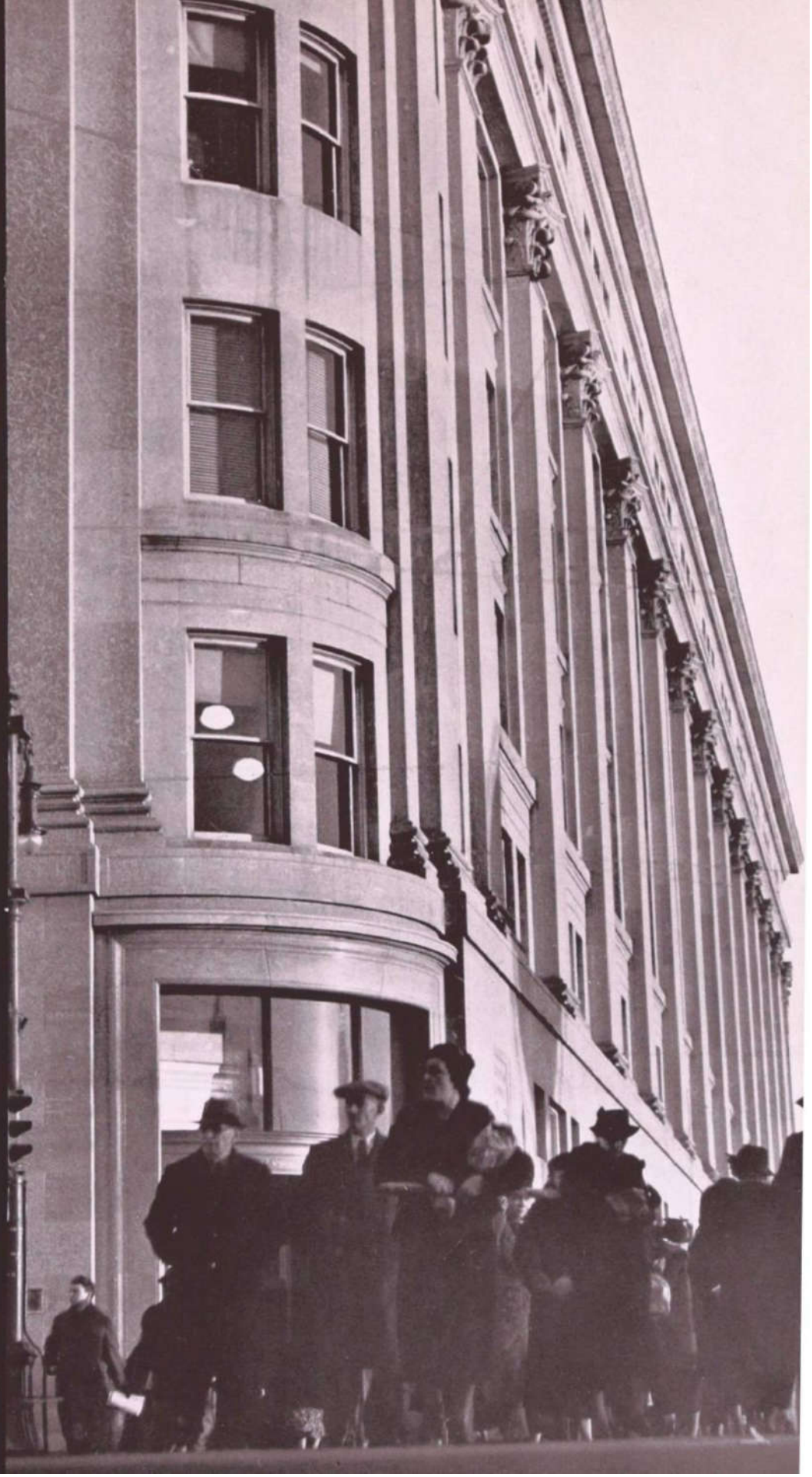
Swift and Candid

The ninety pictures which animate the following pages are an honest attempt to capture some of the tempo of Department Store life and work. If you sense the cheerful animation, the inherent optimism and the general orderliness of the business, then the reporting camera has done its job. And, if you have any appreciation of social history, you will realize what has happened in this business since the gas-lit, *twelve-hour* day, drapery shops of forty years ago.

Space makes it impossible to "tell all," but if *Beaver* readers, both inside and outside the Company's service, show sufficient interest, we will return to the subject again with even swifter and more candid photography. Meanwhile, the co-operation of the Company's Stores must be acknowledged.

WINNIPEG
VANCOUVER
CALGARY
EDMONTON
VICTORIA
SASKATOON

YORKTON
VERNON
NELSON
KAMLOOPS



AS PART OF THE STORE ORGANIZATION, THE BUYER, IN CONFERENCE WITH THE MERCHANDISE MANAGER, DISCUSSES MARKET TRENDS AND THE GRIM BUSINESS OF DEPARTMENT BUDGET

SELECTION OF MERCHANDISE FOR THE ADVERTISING ARTISTS TO WORK ON IS NO CASUAL BUSINESS. EVERY ADVERTISING DOLLAR IS MADE TO SWEAT, IT WORKS SO HARD

SUPREME IN HIS OWN DEPARTMENT, THE BUYER SAYS YES OR NO MORE OFTEN EVERY DAY THAN MOST BUSINESS MEN—IT'S NOT OFTEN HE SAYS "I DON'T KNOW."

NEW MERCHANDISE IS OPENED AND PRICED—A DAILY OPERATION. ANY BUYER WHO CAN'T FIND REAL PLEASURE AND EVEN EXCITEMENT IN THE ARRIVAL OF NEW, BEAUTIFUL AND SHREWDLY BOUGHT MERCHANDISE, IS IN THE WRONG GAME

TIME MUST BE FOUND TO SEE A TRAVELLER'S SAMPLES. COMPANY MONEY IS BEING SPENT AND THE KEENEST JUDGMENT IS NECESSARY. IT IS SWIFT BUSINESS, FOR MERCHANDISE SHOULD BE IN AND OUT OF THE STORE IN THIRTY DAYS

ONE HOUR FOR LUNCH IN THE RESTAURANT WITH FELLOW BUYERS WITH SIR GEORGE SIMPSON LOOKING ON. NO SALAD AND TEA FOR THE BUYER, HE'S ON HIS FEET ALL DAY AND HE ORDERS A MEAL SUITABLE FOR AN ACTIVE MAN—AND COFFEE (FORT GARRY)

Who ever started calling them buyers was not good at definitions. They buy, but, what is more important, they sell, and performing both roles, they are department managers.

It is in women's ready-to-wear (another clumsy definition of a swiftly moving operation) that this buying and selling function is at its most exacting. These pictures seize upon some of the constantly recurrent incidents in the department manager's life—and work. Repeat these scenes many times throughout the Company's stores in Western Canada and you get some impression of the effort behind the whole vast business of fashion.

In the determination to give his customers what they want this buyer (after all, perhaps it is the most convenient title) must know what Paris is showing, what Park Avenue and Hollywood are wearing, and what his customers can afford. If some Canadian cities are celebrated for their well-dressed women—the buyers of department stores are almost always responsible.

IN THIS VOLUME IS LISTED EVERY DRESS. THE PERPETUAL EFFORT OF MANAGEMENT IS TO REDUCE THE AMOUNT OF "PAPER WORK." THE BUYER'S JOB IS TO BUY AND SELL. PAPER MUST NOT CLUTTER UP THE OPERATION. STILL, RECORDS MUST BE KEPT.

NIGHT WORK. IN A HOTEL SAMPLE ROOM THE BUYER AND HIS ASSISTANT EXAMINE SLACKS AND SWEATERS FOR NEXT SPRING AND IN DOING SO HAVE TO LISTEN TO A STAGGERING AMOUNT OF SALES TALK. MAYBE THEY BUY, MAYBE THEY DON'T

BUT THE MARKET WILL NOT ALWAYS COME TO THE BUYER. SO HE GOES TO MARKET, AS USUAL, IN A HURRY, AND SO AS OFTEN AS POSSIBLE BY PLANE. THE MARKET MAY MEAN LOS ANGELES OR MONTREAL OR NEW YORK OR PARIS—PROBABLY NEW YORK

Beauty Business

Is everywhere today as women search for beauty, real or simulated. They spend hours and dollars to be slapped, soothed, drenched and dried so that they may attain the approximation of the ideal figure, the beautiful face, the smart coiffure. They "take down their hair" and revel in luxury in the beauty salon. Modern Eve, as ever, wants to be pampered, to feel herself precious. To gratify that desire, skilled operators, clever decorators and architects, smart makers of beauty products and accessories, enticing advertisements, combine to lure her to what she now considers a necessary luxury. Thus she emerges from the salon, confident in her ability to successfully compete in "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness!" Beauty is Big Business.

"CONTOUR CLINIC"—WEIGHING IN, AND OUT FOR FASHION'S SILHOUETTE SOME LOSE: OTHERS GAIN

LAZY WOMAN'S EXERCISE — MAGNETIC RAY CABINET FOR RELAXATION—STIMULATION—REDUCTION

MASSAGE LIGHT OR HEAVY TO ADD OR SUBTRACT

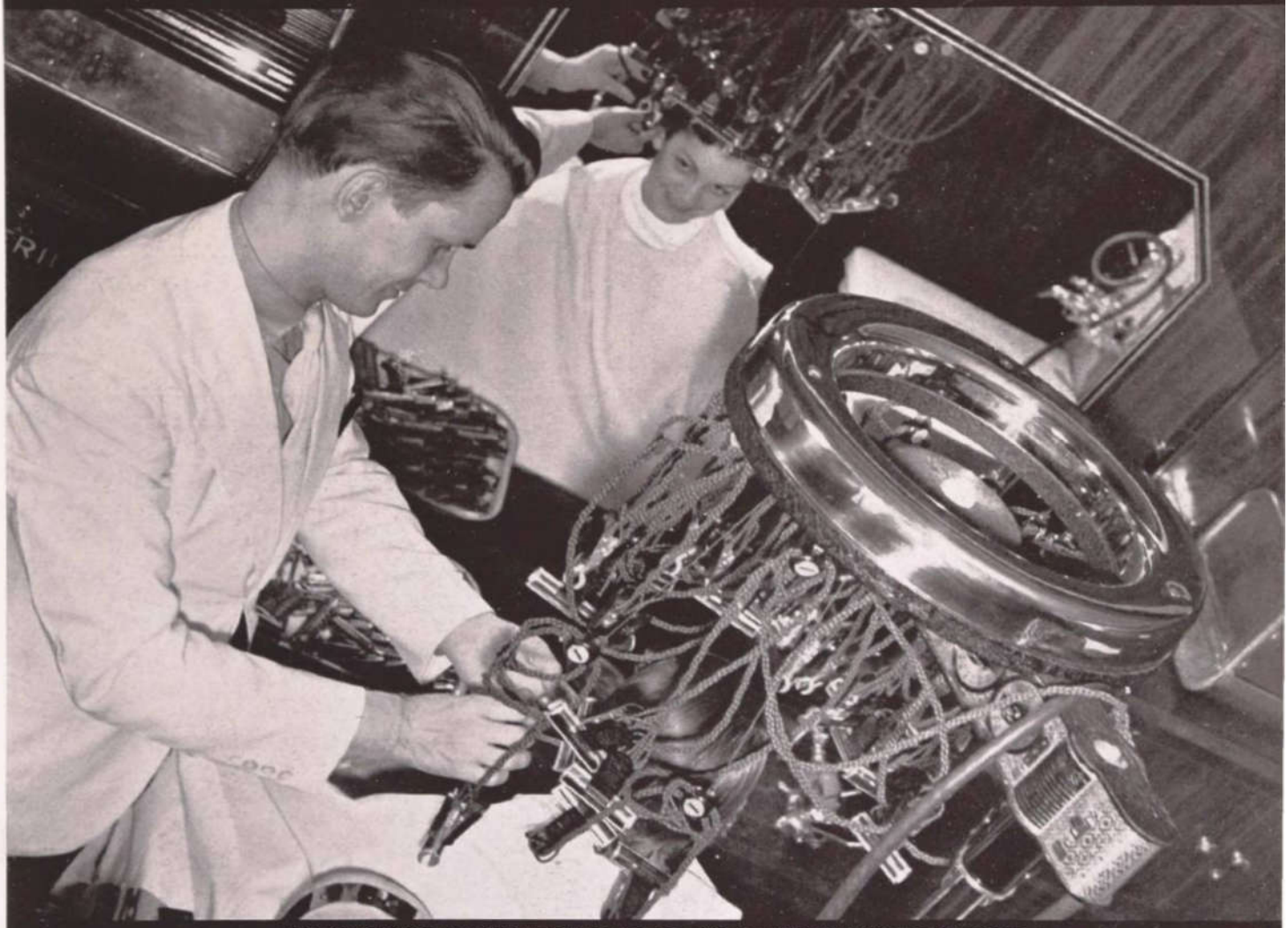
FACIAL AND MAKE-UP CREATE GLAMOUR

A STINGING SHOWER FOR VERVE

FRESH STERILIZED SUPPLIES
UNIFORMED ATTENDANTS—LUXURY

NO WATER IN HER EARS
SOAP WATER PLUS SKILL

PRELUDE TO GLORY—THE
NEW COIFFURE DRIES



HER MOTHER PROBABLY TIED HER HAIR IN RAGS—TODAY A "PERMANENT" CURLS HER COIF

PEDICURE—A BEAUTY WHIMSY

MANICURE— FLAMBOYANT CHALLENGE

STARTING YOUNG

Caution! Women

Are men the reason for women's passionate interest in clothes? Do women dress for men? No. Women really dress for other women . . . but somehow they can never forget the men . . . . How does it happen? How does the inspiration of a designer's brain eventually find its way to the clothes worn at—say—a Fashion Showing? Buying offices in London, Berlin, Vienna, Paris, New York, daily rush fashion flashes to the Retail Stores. Store buyers comb the markets today in airplanes and four-and-a-half-day ocean liners . . . the newest of fashion merchandise reaching the store at the first possible moment.

FIT FOR A MODEL — CLOTHES SELECTED MUST BE MADE TO FIT

HATS FOR SHOW—ALTERED AND FITTED IN THE MILLINERY WORK ROOM

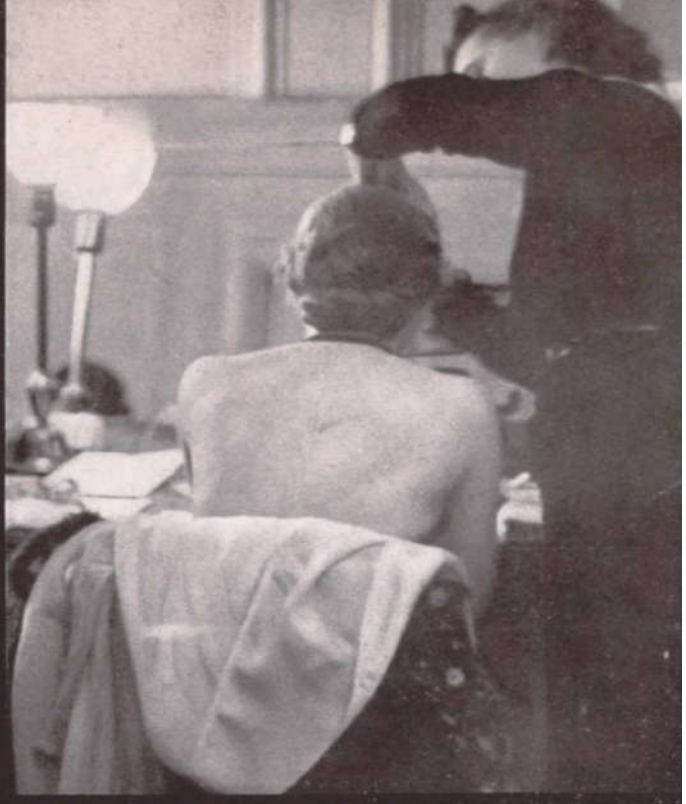
CREATED COIFFURES — HAIR STYLING SUITED TO THE INDIVIDUAL ENSEMBLES

BUSINESS OF BEAUTIFICATION—BEGINS TWO HOURS BEFORE THE SHOWING

DRESSES LINED UP FOR THE SHOW. AN ASSISTANT HELPS IN THE QUICK CHANGES

At Work! . . .

And then what? Twice a year Retail Stores hold fashion showings—Spring and Fall. Each season customers are shown, on living models, what has been worn only a matter of a few weeks before at the openings in the world's fashion centers. The story of the season's fashions is told—and each model in her turn "plays many parts"—from a peasant girl of the Austrian Tyrol or Salzburg . . . to a dignified and regal wearer of magnificent English and Parisian evening clothes. Such are the roles you see them in . . . but there is work aplenty going on behind the scenes before the newest fashions are presented to madame.



HOW COMPLETE THE CHANGE—FROM RIDING HABIT TO EVENING GOWN

FROM HEAD TO TOE- THE CHANGE OF ENSEMBLE IS COMPLETE

HOW QUICK THE CHANGE—DRESSING FOR A NEXT APPEARANCE

VANITY—EVEN A MODEL MUST GLANCE IN A MIRROR

READY AND WAITING—FOR A NOD—OR A LIFT OF A BATON

Fashion Show

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

THE APPLICANT IS WARNED OF THE DIFFICULTIES. AN AUXILIARY STAFF OF 800 EXPERIENCED PEOPLE IS AVAILABLE FOR SEASONAL WORK. MANY PREFER TEMPORARY WORK

INTERVIEWING OF APPLICANTS IS EXPERT WORK. FIRM, FRIENDLY AND BRISK. INTERVIEWS ARE NOT LENGTHY

OUTSIDE THE OFFICE OF THE PERSONNEL MANAGER, TWO YOUNG MEN SIT AND WAIT AND WORRY. NO ONE IS COMFORTABLE APPLYING FOR A JOB

THE APPLICATION

There are 4000 permanent employees in the Company's Retail Stores. The files of the various employment offices hold applications from about 9000 others. At Christmas time and annual sales the total for all Company Stores is between 6000 and 7000. Upon the character, physique and ability of the staff depends the success of any large retail operation. Badly trained, ill-mannered, uneducated staff behind the counter, means stagnant merchandise. The keenest buyers best buys can be ruined by poor staff. These pictures give some insight into the process of selection and training.

THE DOCTOR EXAMINES ALL NEWLY EMPLOYED. FOOD DEPARTMENT EMPLOYEES ARE EXAMINED TWICE EVERY YEAR

RECRUITS FOR THE AUXILIARY STAFF GO TO CLASSES TO LEARN THE MECHANICS OF SALES CHECKS. ELEMENTARY ARITHMETIC AND BAD HANDWRITING ARE COMMON ENEMIES

AND SO, TO WORK WHERE ALL THE OLD FAMILIAR RULES OF SUCCESS APPLY: EAGER, INTELLIGENT AMBITION GETS THE REWARDS

LUNCHES ARE SOLD AT COST PRICES

MORE THAN 450 MEALS ARE SERVED DAILY

HOSPITAL, STAFFED BY A DOCTOR AND TWO NURSES

Beaver Club

Here are nine quick but casual shots of one of the Company's Beaver Clubs. There are twelve of them scattered from London to Victoria. The one pictured here operates on a budget of $11,000.00. The Company and the staff contribute equally and the benefits range through ice carnivals, picnics, bridge, dances, hockey, tennis, golf, curling, lunch and rest rooms and a very important nursing service and medical inspection. In this particular Club there were 1,627 medical examinations last year and more than 10,000 treatments varying from broken ankles to torn finger nails. But for most employees the Beaver Club is fun plus security.

RELAXING DURING THE LUNCH HOUR

COMFORTABLE CLUBROOMS MAY BE USED FOR BRIDGE, SHOWERS AND PARTIES

700 WERE AT THE CLUB DANCE

GOLF TOURNAMENT

SKI-ING IS THE NEWEST ACTIVITY

THE CLUB PLAYS ON ITS OWN COURTS

FRIDAY 9.30 A.M.—HARVESTING IDEAS FOR HARVEST SALE

FRIDAY 5.30 P.M.—14 PAGES OF LAYOUT COMPLETED

DAILY ADVERTISING MUST GO THROUGH

Putting the Flyer to Bed

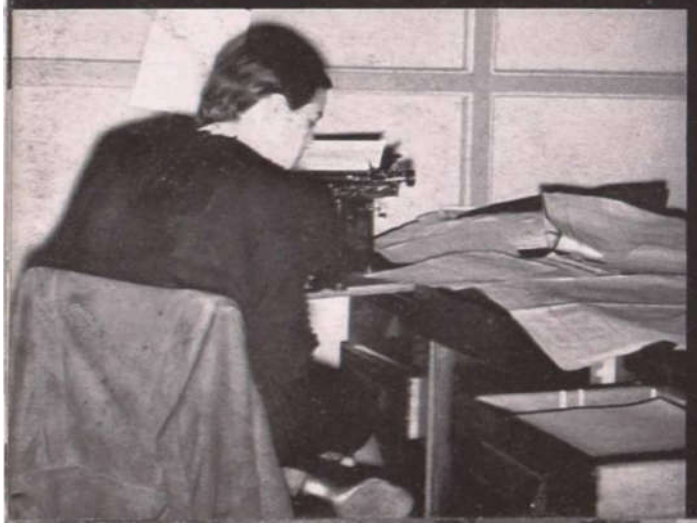
No baby was ever "put to bed" with greater speed and care than this! The flyer must be dispatched hastily, carry a sales punch, be accurate and attractive and bring an immediate response. The incorrigible infant no one loves, but every one works over—this is the child of the advertising department.

Before a flyer goes out, the advertising department resembles a Hollywood movie version of what a newspaper office is supposed to be like. The same tense eyeing of the clock; the inevitable march to the deadline; the layout man bitterly wishing type were elastic; copy-writers pounding typewriters; artists painting furiously; merchandise strewn over desks; telephones ringing; question shouted; frantic buyers changing their minds; page by page, the flyer is ready!

Later, proofs are read, checked, passed. 75,000 copies roll from the press. At the same time daily ads appear in newspapers. For advertising is the camera that portrays merchandise brought from over the world. Store policy and stock find the way to this focal point, to be reflected immediately.

This is the advertising department—conglomeration of intensely individualistic personalities and talents merged, temporarily, to one purpose—"get that flyer to bed!" At the end of a month, the amazing total of over 300,000 lines of advertising, daily and flyer, has been produced by half a dozen copywriters and three artists. Advertising department—concentrated energy, spurt of speed, words and more words—to lure, to entice, to educate, to present merchandise news, to bring romance and practicality, froth and necessity, to the greater public of a saner world apart—in this instance—you!

SATURDAY AND MONDAY—MEN AND WOMEN CONCENTRATE IN THE MIDST OF TURMOIL. TYPEWRITERS CLICK OUT 14 PAGES OF COPY



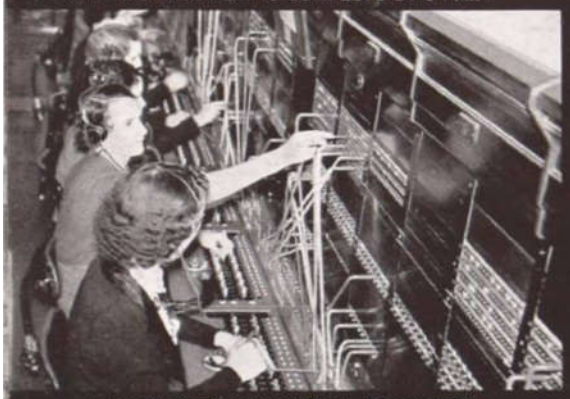
SKETCHING DRESSES, LINGERIE. THREE ARTISTS PRODUCE 248 ILLUSTRATIONS FROM NOTIONS TO FURNITURE FOR HARVEST SALE FLYER

2100 DISPLAY CARDS
USED IN HARVEST SALE

17 TRIMMERS START TO CHANGE
WINDOWS AT 7 A.M. TUESDAY

CHECKING PRESS PROOFS
AT MIDNIGHT TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY 3 A.M.—75,000 COPIES BUNDLED AND DISTRIBUTION IS COMPLETE BY 5 P.M.



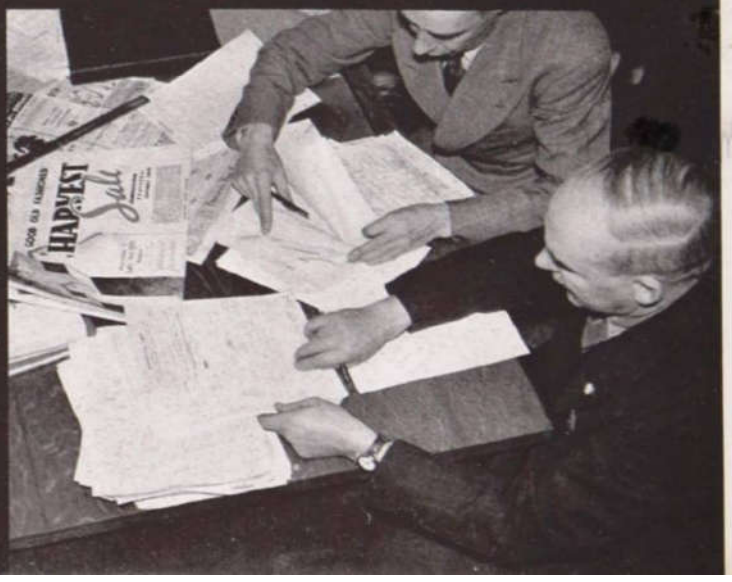
A MAIN SWITCHBOARD WILL SOMETIMES HANDLE MORE THAN 10,000 CALLS A DAY

60 TRAINED OPERATORS FILL PHONE ORDERS

THURSDAY 9.30 A.M.—THOUSANDS OF SHOPPERS BUY WITH ZEST

THURSDAY 1 P.M.—MORE THAN 13,000 PARCELS LEAVE ON FIRST DELIVERY

2 P.M.—"NOW ON THE NEXT FLYER—!"



SPOT BROADCAST AT A STORE ENTRANCE AS THE FRONT DOORS OPEN FOR THE DAY'S BUSINESS

Department Store selling is an intensely human business. The thousands of contacts made daily between the public and the Company serve either to improve our relations with the public or to damage them. The work of training people to serve this vast unpredictable public with speed, courtesy and accuracy never quite stops, even after store hours.

INFINITE PAINS

MAKING MERCHANDISE INTERESTING

JUST PAWING AROUND

WOMEN DO A LOT OF SELECTING FOR MEN

"WILL THAT BE CHARGE OR CASH?"

Service, Please!

Gone are the days when a woman merely came to a store, paid her money, and left with her purchase. Today she gets services, free or of nominal cost, that would amaze early shoppers.

An attendant parks her car; she checks her coat; "parks" her children and shops undisturbed while they play, watched by a trained attendant. If bewildered or busy, a personal shopper will shop for her, or lead her to experts who can advise her on everything from the most flattering lipstick to an eyeglass prescription. Machinery backstage assures her of conditioned air, rapid elevator and escalator service, proper lighting.

She pays for her purchases, charges them, buys on credit, or has them sent C.O.D. They will be home when she arrives. She get books and magazines at the lending library; has household gadgets repaired at the Fixit Shop, hose and gloves mended. She makes appointments through the customers' register; waits in completely equipped rest rooms.

She puts her furs in cold storage for protection. Gifts are attractively wrapped; she mails them at the convenient post office. Adjustments and lost and found articles are cared for. If she is curious, a guide will show her the store. If she speaks English with difficulty, an interpreter will help. She uses public telephones. Instructors teach every type of needlework. She hears messages and music through the public address system. She gets tickets, information, sends telegrams or cables. She has a beauty treatment. She eats lunch leisurely in a beautiful restaurant or quickly at counters or cafeteria. She watches a style show.

In one day the average woman can buy everything she needs, finish by entertainment and self improvement, within the store. If she has an accident, she is attended by doctor and nurses in a model hospital. She almost unconsciously accepts smooth service so perfect that it is inconspicuous. She demands, and gets, cheerful service.

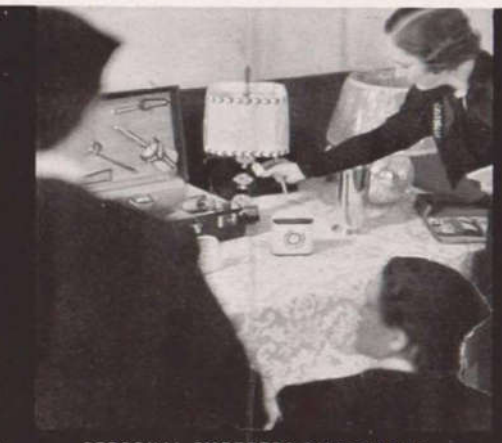
BROADCASTING FOR LOST OR STRAYED CHILDREN OR PROPERTY. PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM RELAYS MESSAGES TO CUSTOMERS IN EVERY PART OF STORE

LEARNING THE PURL AND PLAIN OF IT—FREE INSTRUCTION IN KNITTING, CROCHETING, TATTING, NEEDLEPOINT, EMBROIDERY, SEWING AND HOOKED RUGS

WHIRLING WHEELS BEHIND THE SCENES. SUB-BASEMENT CROWDED WITH MACHINERY FOR AIR CONDITIONING, ELEVATORS, ESCALATORS, REFRIGERATION, LIGHT, POWER, HEAT

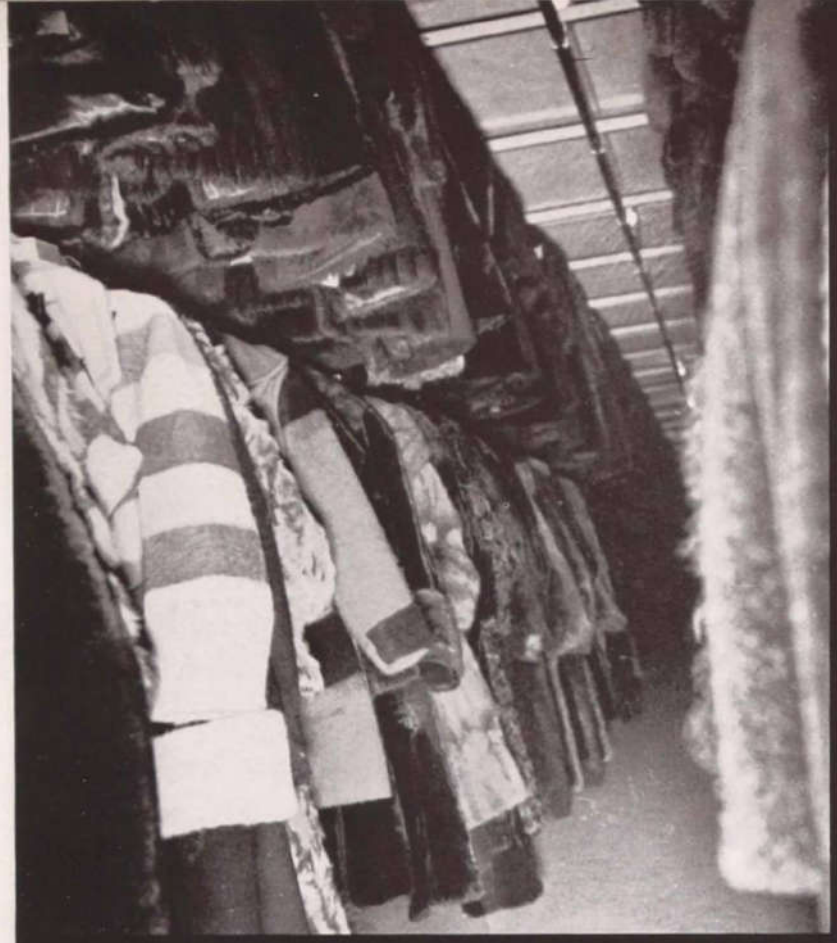
A BUSY SUB STATION OF H.M.S. LETTERS AND PARCELS MAILED STAMPS AND MONEY ORDERS BOUGHT AT CONVENIENT POST OFFICE

INFORMATION—TICKETS—TELEGRAMS. HERE ALSO MESSAGES, CUSTOMERS' REGISTER, GUIDES, CASH CLEARING HOUSE



PERSONAL SHOPPERS SHOP HELPFULLY WITH CUSTOMERS OR FOR THEM

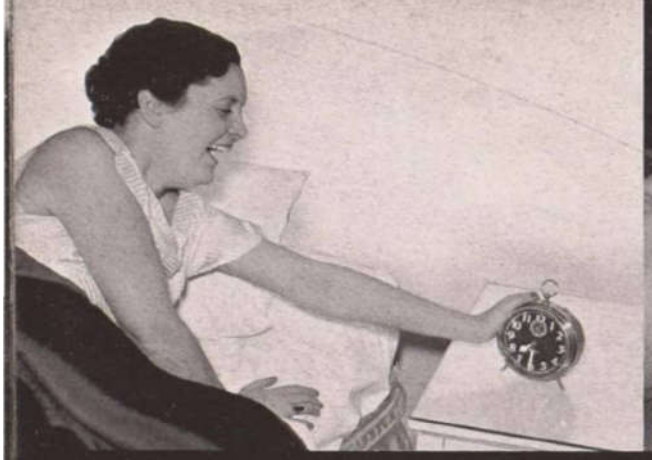
PARKED HERE: CHILDREN PLAY, WATCHED BY TRAINED ATTENDANT WHILE MOTHER PEACEFULLY SHOPS



FUR STORAGE—AN AVERAGE OF 12,000 FUR COATS STORED DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS IN H B C VAULTS . . . . . MORE THAN HALF A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF FURS. VAULTS KEPT AT A TEMPERATURE OF 32 TO 34 DEGREES

CREDIT BOARD—CHARGE PLEASE. YOUR NAME IS CHECKED AND CREDIT OKAYED WITHIN 30 SECONDS. DURING RUSH SEASONS THE CREDIT BOARD IS MANNED WITH 8 OPERATORS. EACH OPERATOR TAKES APPROXIMATELY 960 CALLS A DAY. AT A BUSY PRE-CHRISTMAS SALE 57,000 CALLS WERE RECEIVED IN ONE DAY ON THE CREDIT BOARD

SMOKED GOLDEYES—THE BEST GOLDEYES ARE FROM THE NORTHERN PART OF LAKE WINNIPEG. THEY ARE CAUGHT IN THE LATE FALL AND WINTER, BOXED AND SHIPPED TO WINNIPEG. THEY ARE THEN HELD IN STORAGE AND SMOKED AS REQUIRED. THE FISH IS FIRST PUT INTO LARGE TANKS AND ALLOWED TO STAY IN WATER UNTIL ALL THE FROST IS OUT. THEN THEY ARE CLEANED AND SCALED AND PUT INTO A BRINE FOR A PERIOD OF TIME UNTIL THEY ARE SALT ENOUGH. THEN THEY ARE DIPPED IN A SOLUTION OF GOLDEYE COLOR TO GIVE THEM THEIR GOLDEN APPEARANCE. THEY ARE THEN PLACED ON RODS AND HUNG UP TO DRY BEFORE BEING PUT INTO THE SMOKEHOUSE. THEY ARE SMOKED OVER OAK LOGS AND WITH A FAIRLY HOT FIRE AS THEY MUST BE PARTLY COOKED AS WELL AS SMOKED. LAST YEAR WE SMOKED ABOUT 12,000 LBS. OF FISH



LIFE BEGINS, AND WITH THE STORE OPENING AT 9.30, A START AT 7.30 ALLOWS PLENTY OF TIME

THERE ARE SEVEN IN THE FAMILY, FATHER, MOTHER, A SISTER AND THREE BROTHERS

Life Begins at 7.30

In exploring the Company's service for "typicals" and "averages" the story of Phyllis Anderson of the Calgary Store came to light. It was such a thoroughly normal, healthy record that we persuaded Miss Anderson to let the story be told in pictures. As in all such narratives there is a man. He fits into these pictures somewhere between the final tally and the Beaver Club bowling. After all, there must be *some* reticence.

FRONT DOOR TO EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE IS TWENTY MINUTES BY THE 8.50 CAR. IT USED TO BE THE 8 A.M. CAR

PHYLLIS HAS A CUSTOMER BY 9.31. AN AVERAGE DAY'S SALES TOTAL FROM $50 TO $60. BUT SHE RANG UP A RED LETTER DAY AT $1500

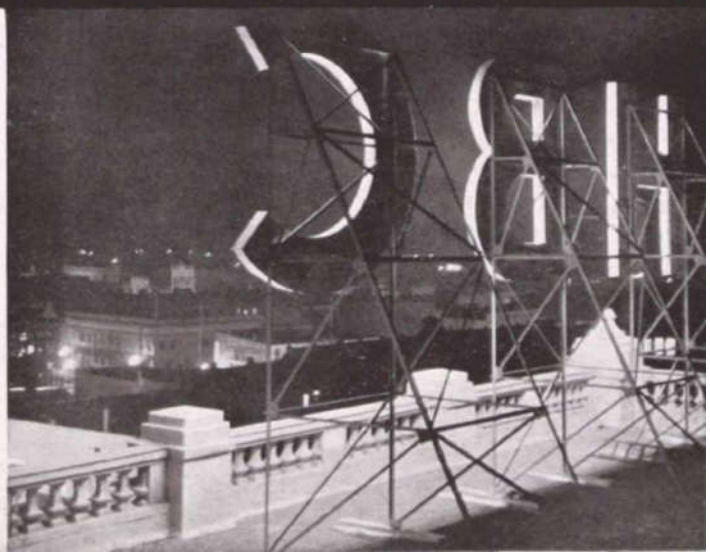
SOMETIMES IN THE STAFF LUNCH ROOM AND SOMETIMES IN A RESTAURANT PHYLLIS LUNCHES WELL, WITH A PREFERENCE FOR FRIED LIVER AND BACON AND FRENCH FRIED POTATOES

HER BEAVER CLUB BOWLING SCORE IS 135 TO 150. ONCE SHE MADE 215. SHE PREFERS TO BE ASLEEP BY 10.30, EXCEPT WHEN THERE IS A SPOT OF NIGHT LIFE OFFERING

THE TALLY UP AS THE COVERS GO OVER THE COUNTERS. SOMETIMES IT TAKES LONGER THAN OTHERS, BUT SHE IS SELDOM LATER THAN 6.20 GETTING AWAY

Night Comes

And so, in the Stores, the lights go out. The curtain is down for a few hours. Three thousand people have gone to play and to rest, and when tomorrow's sun moves across the prairies and the mountains, the hopes and ambitions will stir again when the job starts. "It's not a bad life."



Trading into the North-west Passage

By RICHARD FINNIE
Ottawa

Photographs by the Author

The Company's ship "Nascopie" makes Arctic history this year as she noses into Prince Regent Inlet to allow the Fur Trade to establish Fort Ross on Bellot Strait. The schooner "Aklavik" comes from the Western Arctic and the North-west Passage is a reality. Arctic history moves slowly and the building of Fort Ross is another significant pin point on the most northerly mainland of this continent.

IN the summer of 1849 a seven-year-old girl had a cartographical vision, conjured up by the spirit of her dead four-year-old sister, which she carefully recorded; it was identified as a rough map of the north magnetic polar region but indicating a waterway between Prince Regent Inlet and Franklin Strait. None of the published charts of the time showed any such waterway. The child's father, Captain Coppin, a surveyor of the Board of Trade in Londonderry, gave Lady Jane Franklin the sketch. She was impressed, describing the revelation to Captain Charles Codrington Forsyth and his second-in-command, W. Parker Snow (himself a clairvoyant), on the eve in 1850 of their setting forth in the *Prince Albert* on a voyage in search of Sir John Franklin.*

Ironically, the *Prince Albert* came within two hundred miles of the physically reported waterway when the captain turned the ship around and sailed for England, despite Mr. Snow's dismayed protestations.

Thus the waterway remained undiscovered (materially) until two years later, when Captain William Kennedy and Lieutenant Joseph Réné Bellot, a French naval officer, explored it and it was named Bellot Strait.

It was now August 31, 1937, and the R.M.S. *Nascopie* was steaming serenely into Prince Regent Inlet —where no steel ship had ever been before and where probably no craft of any kind had sailed since 1859, when Captain Sir Leopold McClintock turned his *Fox* homeward after wintering in Port Kennedy, Bellot Strait, and discovering on a dog-team excursion the record and relics that disclosed the melancholy fate of Sir John Franklin and his one hundred odd officers and men.

Though the early explorers of Prince Regent Inlet, such as Sir John and Sir James Ross, Kennedy and Bellot, and McClintock, had doubtless taken soundings as they sailed, none appeared on modern charts; and their vessels, like the *Fox* of 177 tons and the *Prince Albert* of 89, were much less concerned with depths than was the 2500-ton *Nascopie*. But this sturdy quarter-century-old icebreaker was able to proceed at fair speed nevertheless, being equipped with an automatic echo-sounder, while a gyro compass

*"Sir John Franklin; The True Secret of the Discovery of His Fate. A Revelation," by the Reverend J. Henry Skewes, Vicar of Holy Trinity, Liverpool; published by Bemrose and Son, 1889.

Ice in Prince Regent Inlet

Bellot Strait looking west from Port Kennedy

paid no heed to the magnetic pole lying to the south and west.

As the *Nascopie* entered Prince Regent Inlet from Lancaster Sound, there were scattered ice-floes frequented by thousands of harp seals. Onto a pan scrambled two mother murres, each with a young one, to escape the vessel's menacing prow, scolding loudly and waddling about for all the world like penguins, although ornithologically unrelated. Then the ice was left behind.

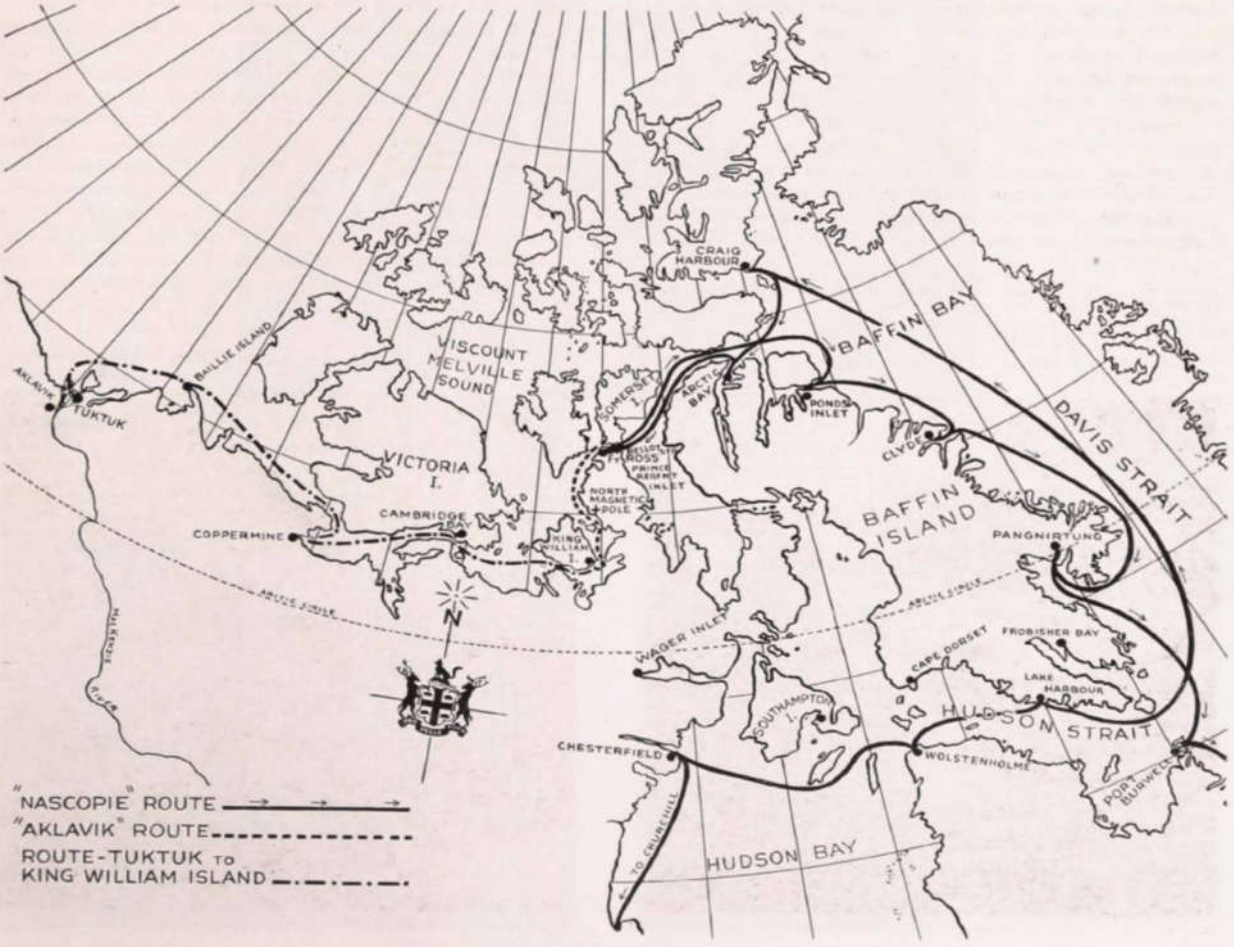
On deck mingled tourists and traders and Mounted Policemen and Government officials. Some had embarked at Churchill or at more northerly points, while others had been on board since the *Nascopie* left Montreal on July 10.

Some of the passengers may have been unaware of or indifferent to the historical associations of the waters through which they were passing until a speech at dinner so reminded them; but there were a few enthusiasts who had already steeped themselves in the complex and fascinating story of the search for the North-west Passage and of the tragedy of the Franklin expedition, part of the setting for which they were now viewing.†

On the morning of September 1, we had passed Batty Bay, where Kennedy wintered in 1851-52; Fury

†See "Sir John Franklin's Last Voyage," by Chief Trader William Gibson, F.R.G.S., *The Beaver*, June 1, 1937.

The R.M.S. "Nascopie" in Depot Bay, seen from Fort Ross



"Aklavik" from Western Arctic approaches the "Nascopie."

West meets East by North-west Passage.

Fort Ross "colonists" going ashore.

Crew of "Aklavik": Patsy Klengenberg, J. R. Ford, E. J. (Scotty) Gall and Patsy's adopted son.

Patsy's wife, daughter and son.

Beach, where Parry's vessel was wrecked in 1824, and were well down into Creswell Bay approaching the upper part of Brentford Bay.

Chief Trader William (Paddy) Gibson studied the coast-line intently through his binoculars. A Western Arctic man, he had taken a more scholarly and active interest in polar history than had any other trader; and now he was to share with J. W. Anderson, H B C district manager, the responsibility of establishing a new post, to be appropriately named Fort Ross, at the very threshold of the North-west Passage.

The Company had felt that a post in the vicinity of the northernmost tip of Boothia Peninsula, besides unlocking a new chest of fur treasure, could be made a convenient depot for Eskimos scattered between King William Island and Repulse Bay, utilizing at long last the North-west Passage for bringing in supplies and sending out furs from either direction.

A few years ago a post was tried at Fort Leopold at the northeastern corner of Somerset Island but, too inaccessible for natives, it was soon abandoned.

At noon the *Nascopie* was steaming cautiously toward the coast: there lay Possession Point, where Sir John Ross had set up a cairn in 1829 and taken formal possession of the region for Great Britain. Nearby were Brown's Island and Long Island, shielding the eastern end of Bellot Strait. This was the goal. Passengers studied through their glasses every mound or projecting rock heap that might be a cairn.

Sailors scurried up the foremast, unlashed booms in preparation for the lowering of freighting scows stowed on deck. Down went the anchor. Warmly clad, over the side to a waiting scow went Captain Thomas Smellie, J. W. Anderson and Paddy Gibson. They headed shoreward with sailors casting lead to determine how much nearer the vessel might find safe anchorage. They selected a site for the new post and returned at 7 p.m.

In the morning the *Nascopie* ventured a mile closer to the land, which was yet at least that distance again beyond. The Company men once more went reconnoitering, Anderson and Gibson this time staying on shore. But thus far no others had been given an opportunity to leave the ship.

Breakfast table conversation featured "flares" which Watchman Jim Randall had reported to the first mate some time after midnight. Officers seemed reluctant to discuss them with passengers, so imagination was given free rein; some whose knowledge of Arctic geography and events was scanty suggested half humorously, half hopefully, "Wouldn't it be exciting if we were to find the lost Soviet fliers!" Historian R. K. (Andy) Carnegie of the Canadian Press felt constrained to do his duty; he radioed to Ottawa a story mentioning the flares, coupled with this tourist's conjecture. The story immediately sent up flares of its own in the world's press.

Meanwhile none of the experienced Northern travellers on board seriously entertained the "Russian fliers" explanation—not only because the lost plane's course lay many hundreds of miles to the west, but because a schooner was expected momentarily from King William Island through Bellot Strait.

The flares, if such they were, had been seen as if originating on the Boothia shore some miles to the south. True, the schooner was expected from the West but her crew or members of a land party might possibly have gone exploring to the south.

Why wasn't a boat dispatched immediately to investigate the signals? What if they came from people in dire distress? What if it actually was the Russians blown incredibly far off their route? Well, too much was happening at once. All hands and all boats seemingly were needed right here for the nonce. There was a post to be established, which would take time, and it would not do to delay the *Nascopie* unduly and risk having her frozen in for the winter.

First of all the natives must be put ashore. Three families of Eskimos, eighteen men, women and children, had been picked up at Arctic Bay, Baffin Island, to start the ball rolling at Fort Ross. Eventually there would be lots of natives coming to trade or to serve at the post, but just now there might be none in the vicinity. So bag and baggage, with dogs, dozens of dogs, they boarded a scow and were the first passengers ashore.

"Schooner in sight!" . . . "There's the *Aklavik!*" From behind Brown's Island she came, so frail-looking in the immensity of sea and rugged land, yet so resolute, a white barrel perched jauntily on her foremast.

At the same time, the *Nascopie* had raised her anchor and was moving into the shelter of the bay inside Possession Point. The *Aklavik* trailed her, puzzled by her apparent indifference.

At last the *Nascopie's* anchor dropped and the *Aklavik* circled her. *Nascopie* passengers were gripped by the romance of the occasion, waving and cheering as the schooner drew alongside. A vessel from the West had come through the Passage to meet a vessel from the East, via the corridor of Bellot Strait. (From this side seventy-nine years ago McClintock had made five attempts to sail through the strait, but his low-powered *Fox* was thwarted at the western end by a barrier of ice.)

On board came E. J. (Scotty) Gall, master; Patsy Klengenberg, halfbreed son of the late famed trader Charlie Klengenberg, as engineer and pilot; Trader J. R. Ford, and the "crew" of one Eskimo. Remaining on the *Aklavik* because of shyness were Patsy's wife, two daughters and his adopted son. The flaring wolverine trimmings of their ornamented parkas, their stroud-legged boots, contrasted sharply with the clothing of the Baffin Island people and added atmosphere to the meeting of the West with the East. In the privacy of his cabin Captain Smellie opened a pint of champagne to toast the adventurers.

But for Scotty Gall, staunch Arctic veteran, it was an empty triumph. His comely and capable wife was to accompany him through the Passage; together, after five years of happiness in the North, they had been looking forward to a trip "outside" on the *Nascopie*. Consummately feminine, a skilful seamstress, she was yet versatile enough to run a Diesel engine. As they were preparing to leave Cambridge Bay, Victoria Island, she was standing by in the engine room when the *Audrey B.* was sighted. This was a schooner bringing supplies from the Mackenzie delta which the *Aklavik* was to relay. Up came the anchor. They would go to meet the *Audrey B.* Scotty rang the bell for "slow ahead." There was an immediate response. A few minutes later he signaled again. There was no response. He went below and found her lying beside the engine—Anna—dead. She must have had a weak heart but had never been ill to his knowledge. He was dazed, stunned.

She was buried and the next day the freight was transferred from the *Audrey B.* The *Aklavik* sailed eastward.

McClintock's cairn, showing Corporal Dodgson at actual spot of finding canister.

McClintock's record, showing the tin canister, stone jam jar and document wrapped in oiled silk. Photos by R. K. Carnegie.

McClintock's cairn (after reconstruction) at west point of Depot Bay. Bellot Strait in background.

Provisions and furniture going ashore for Fort Ross. Brown's Island in background.

L. A. Learmonth and D. G. Sturrock after their strenuous journey.

Laying the foundation for Fort Ross.

Trader Leo Manning, "the white man with the tongue of an Eskimo," turns carpenter.

Construction of Fort Ross; the warehouse. Everybody digs in.

Construction of Fort Ross; the dwelling, with cook and temporary storage tents in foreground.

Patsy Klengenberg took Anna's place at the engine. He too had lost his wife, in February, but with Eskimo mindfulness of domestic necessity had sufficiently assuaged his grief to acquire a new wife just before leaving.

Several times the *Aklavik* was in danger of being nipped, but the most tense moment of the voyage was at the western entrance of Bellot Strait when the engine failed. There was a swift current and destruction seemed imminent as the schooner swept toward the rocky shore. In the nick of time a faulty strainer was replaced. The whole trip had been made at half speed with a mechanical improvisation due to stripped gears, but this was not considered remarkable in a country where ingenious makeshifts are commonplace.

"The appearance of Bellot Strait is precisely that of a Greenland fiord; it is about 20 miles long and scarcely a mile wide in the narrowest part, and there, within a quarter of a mile of the north shore, the depth was ascertained to be 400 feet. Its granite shores are bold and lofty, with a very respectable sprinkling of vegetation for lat. 72°. Some of the hill-ranges rise to about 1500 or 1600 feet above the sea. . . The strait runs very nearly east and west, but its eastern entrance is well masked by Long Island; when half way through both seas are visible. . . the flood tide comes from the west. . . The rise and fall is much less upon the western side of the Isthmus of Boothia than upon the east. . . " Thus did McClintock speak of Bellot Strait. Prophetically, he said also: "Perhaps some future voyager, profiting by the experience so fearfully and fatally acquired by the Franklin expedition, and the observations of Rae, Collinson and myself, may succeed in carrying his ship through from sea to sea. . ." Amundsen's *Gjoa* remains the first and only vessel ever to have sailed right through from Atlantic to Pacific (1903-06), though the Company's *Fort James* went as far as King William Island (1928) and might have proceeded the rest of the way had there been occasion to do so; but neither of them utilized Bellot Strait. And no vessel has yet navigated the Northwest Passage all the way from sea to sea in one season.

L. A. Learmonth, King William Island post manager, was not on board the *Aklavik*. With his assistant, D. G. Sturrock, he had left Gjoa Haven on July 30 in a whaleboat, towing a sixteen-foot canoe, his object being to reach Bellot Strait ahead of the *Aklavik* and pick out a suitable site for the new post. This explained the flares. Learmonth was undoubtedly down there on the mainland now.

All day, ceaselessly, scow-loads of lumber and building supplies were being landed. In the afternoon the foundation was laid for the dwelling.

Going ashore in the ship's launch a student of historical remains pointed to a nearby promontory where several people were inspecting a cairn. "See that!" he exclaimed. "Already unauthorized persons are desecrating historical landmarks and will probably appropriate any records there are."

Encountering Paddy Gibson, who was wrestling with a tent in the wind, I pointed to the cairn and asked, "What do you know about that?"

"Funny," he replied; "I hadn't noticed it before. It wasn't there yesterday!"

Sure enough, several of the passengers, undaunted at not finding expected cairns of early explorers (which had long since been dismantled by Eskimos or toppled over by wind and frost), had promptly set up one of their own. Later, however, a Mounted Policeman stumbled on a canister among the rocks a hundred feet or so below the fresh cairn, which was constructed on the site of an old one. The canister contained a small crock within which was a sodden pellet that he wisely did not try to open out, leaving that delicate task to the Dominion Archives, to which it would be presented. It was in all probability the record of McClintock's sojourn at adjacent Port Kennedy.‡

That night at 10.30 Learmonth arrived. Bearded, tousle-haired, he and Sturrock had made a dash to the *Nascopie* in their sixteen-foot canoe with an outboard motor from a look-out station from which, windbound, they had frantically been signalling since the vessel's arrival, using precious gasoline at night and moss-fed smudges during the day.

It had been a hard trip. After leaving Gjoa Haven, King William Island, they were forced by ice to camp in Schwatka Bay for a week, then continued northward through Wellington Strait to Boothia Peninsula. Passing Cape Adelaide and the magnetic pole, in Wrottesley Inlet they were held another ten days until, watching from a hill, Learmonth saw a lead which they followed to a portage on the north side of the inlet. Unknown to white men, it had long been used by Eskimos. They cached their whaleboat, proceeded with the canoe. It was a twenty-mile crossing, with several portages, only two of which were considerable, totalling three miles, and they traversed a big, long lake flanked by spectacular, high overhanging cliffs on which great rocks were menacingly poised.

On August 31 they reached the river mouth of Nadluktak on the east coast of Boothia, finding an encampment of about thirty Eskimos.

One of the most serious, most conscientious of the Hudson's Bay Company traders, and the fondest of the Eskimos, Learmonth was a bitterly disappointed man as he sat in the *Nascopie's* saloon at midnight, munching the first civilized food he had tasted for weeks. The Fort Ross post was the realization of an ambition of his, long cherished, painstakingly planned. Thus it was that he had deliberately endured severe hardships in anticipation of reaching Brentford Bay in advance of the *Aklavik*, and ahead of the *Nascopie*, which was not due, he had thought, until September 5.

His chagrin was boundless when, at nearly the end of his gruelling journey, from his look-out camp he saw the *Nascopie* already at the eastern end of Bellot Strait. He was ahead of schedule, yet too late. There she was, but he couldn't get to her in his little canoe while the sea was choppy, and his signals were apparently being ignored. Once fed and rested, however, he entered into the spirit of the building of Fort Ross, even though fate had left the actual determining of the site to others.

On September 3 the framework of the post dwelling was up and the sheeting was being put on. Sailors, officers, traders, Mounted Policemen and even tourists were pinch-hitting as carpenters and laborers.

Two men went exploring and found that the post was located on a near-island—Hazard Inlet, to the north of it, leading practically to Port Kennedy to the west of it. "It misses being an island," they said, "by about thirty inches." The post faced McClintock's Depot Bay, in which the *Nascopie* lay at anchor. §

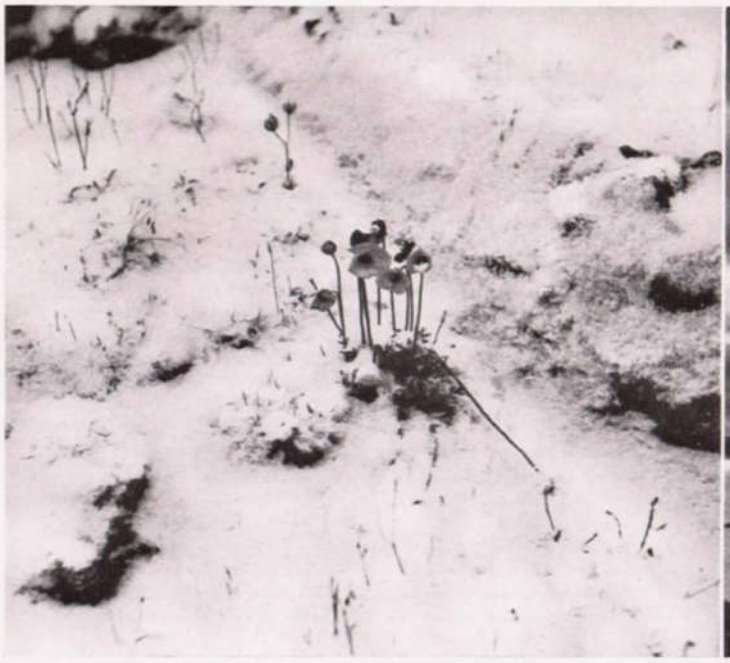
‡McClintock, "In Arctic Seas," page 301: "Of the traces which we have left behind us . . . . There is our record in a conspicuous cairn at the west point of Depot or Transition Bay . . ."

The author "shoots" a white fox.

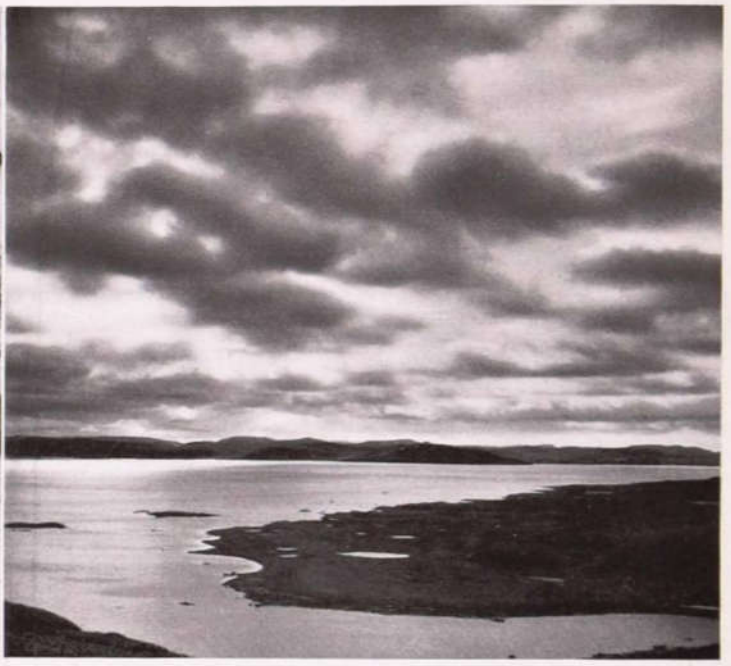
White Foxes on a cliff at Port Kennedy.

White Fox tracks in the snow near Fort Ross.

White Fox, quite wild, being photographed at four feet, dining on a bearded seal.



Arctic poppies brave September snows at Fort Ross.



The Northernmost tip of the North American Continent (Boothia Peninsula), seen from Fort Ross, with Bellot Strait between.

Netsilik fishermen of Nadluktak with poised tridents wait signal of Medicine man.

Large stone fish trap at mouth of River Nadluktak, where Arctic char and salmon trout running up-stream corral themselves.

The Eskimos dash into the river to impale the corralled fish.

Early the next morning the little schooner *Seal*, which had been brought from Hudson Bay to serve at Fort Ross, started off on a jaunt of inspection to Nadluktak, twelve or fifteen miles southward. Rail, wind, and fog spoiled visibility, rendered navigation difficult and kept the crew uncomfortable. Some members of the Government party on board had a notion that they were about to see a band of primitive Eskimos untouched by civilization, never even photographed. They encountered instead six or eight families who were living in canvas as well as skin tents, using Peterborough canoes, modern rifles and utensils; whose parka covers were of calico—some opening with zippers—and who well knew what a camera was for. Accustomed to trade either at Gjoa Haven or at Repulse Bay, they were all professed Christians and in every tent was a prayer book.

Though hardly unmarked by civilization, these Netsilingmiut were less trammelled by it than their Baffin Island cousins, being happier, more energetic, more provident, and prouder-looking.

While Major D. L. McKeand, Superintendent of the Eastern Arctic, Department of Mines and Resources, bestowed souvenir pocket-knives on the adults and popped candies into the mouths of the children, I made motion pictures of the life of the camp, including the spearing of salmon. Morning and evening the men would line up on the river bank, their tridents poised and at the signal of their shaman rush knee-deep into the water, impaling hapless fish right and left. On the shore were scores of stone caches already well stocked with delicious Arctic char or salmon-trout.

That was a delightful, unforgettable visit. These were the people who, along with others of their tribe and neighbouring ones, would be trading this season at Fort Ross. I only hoped that the questionable "benefits" of civilization would not reach them too quickly. But, alas, it is futile now to wax sentimental over civilization's intrusion among primitive Eskimos. For, strictly speaking, it is unlikely that there is a really primitive Eskimo left in the world.

Buying a dory-load of salmon from our cheery hosts, we returned to the *Nascopie* with three outstanding citizens of the camp who were anxious to see the big boat. All at Nadluktak had heard about the ill-fated western supply ship *Baychimo*, none had ever been aboard her. Our three men grinned and exclaimed the while they were shown from engine-room to wheelhouse by Learmonth. They even had tea with the captain. They enjoyed themselves, certainly, but they were not overawed—Eskimos seldom are.

The men told us about the game resources of the area. There were a few musk-oxen (protected, of course), on Boothia Peninsula, on Somerset Island and on Prince of Wales Island. One had seen walrus in Creswell Bay; they sometimes even came to Nadluktak and to Wrottesley Inlet on the opposite side. There was a large river to the north of Bellot Strait, not marked on the map, teeming with salmon. There were barren-land caribou on Boothia, too, and a "white" or island, non-migrating type on Somerset and Prince of Wales. There were narwhal and white whales—though the local people were hunters of neither—and many seals and foxes. We had seen innumerable seals; and where no Europeans had been for almost eighty years, and few Eskimos, white foxes were scampering about the land quite indifferent to humans. I took motion pictures and still photographs of some of them as close as three feet. I had never had an experience like it before and never expect to again.

There had been snow flurries two days after the *Nascopie's* arrival and by September 6, the land was blanketed. Boat decks and rigging were slippery. Thus it was that Learmonth, attempting to climb from the ratline of the *Aklavik* to the rail of the *Nascopie*, fell fifteen feet and sustained four rib fractures. Loyal Company man that he was, he kept the extent of his injuries secret so as not to risk being obliged to go "outside." Fort Ross was his brainchild and he was bound to stay to see it safely weaned.

Day and night Chief Engineer Thomas of the *Nascopie* had been fashioning new gears for the *Aklavik* so that she might return with much needed provisions to King William Island. At last the thirty-ton schooner was in running order. Scotty Gall with other Company men decided to take her on an unofficial, unannounced trial run into Bellot Strait. Just back from Port Kennedy photographing foxes, ducks and seals, I missed her, and the only Government party members to catch her were R. K. Carnegie and Major McKeand.

The physiographer was left behind. Indignant, he declared, "That trip would have meant more to me than anything else on this voyage—a unique opportunity to observe geologically a cross-section of the northernmost tip of the continent!"

When the *Aklavik* came back, having been halted by milling ice a mile or two from the western end, a fruitless attempt to placate him was made with: "You didn't miss much. You wouldn't have seen anything but rocks."

By the morning of September 8, the Fort Ross dwelling was weatherproof and habitable and all freight was safely stowed in an adjacent warehouse. Learmonth, well bandaged by the doctor, had got ashore, walking to and from the ship's launch, and was fairly comfortable.

At 6.30 p.m. a tiny rowboat shoved away from the *Nascopie*. In it was a young man anachronistically clad in business suit, overcoat and fedora hat. He rowed briskly for shore in the gathering gloom. This was Donald Goodyear, who, though due to go outside after several years at a post in Hudson Bay, had agreed to stay to help Learmonth and finish the carpentry work during his convalescence. In front of the dwelling stood Ernie Lysle, interpreter and trader, vigorously waving a dishcloth.

The snow-covered land looked bleak, inhospitable, and the synthetic cairn was silhouetted against a leaden sky.

Passengers began waving. The *Nascopie's* whistle blew. A flag was dipped on the *Aklavik*, where Paddy Gibson, D. G. Sturrock and Patsy Klengenberg were getting ready to sail to the West.

Goodyear stood up in his ridiculous boat and flourished his fedora.

"Gjoa Haven, King William Island (Special to the *Nascopie* by private wireless)—The schooner *Aklavik* arrived safely here on the fourteenth of September, thus completing the successful freighting of goods via the North-west Passage. Chief Inspector W. Gibson sends his best regards to all the passengers on board the *Nascopie* and wishes them all the best of luck."

§McClintock, "In Arctic Seas," page 163: ". . . the ship was anchored in a convenient bay three or four miles within Possession Point. Here our depot is to be landed, therefore we shall name this for the present *Depot Bay:* a very narrow isthmus between its head and Hazard Inlet unites the low limestone peninsula of which Possession Point is the extreme, to the mainland."

Four Men of the North

The first of a series of Northern portraits

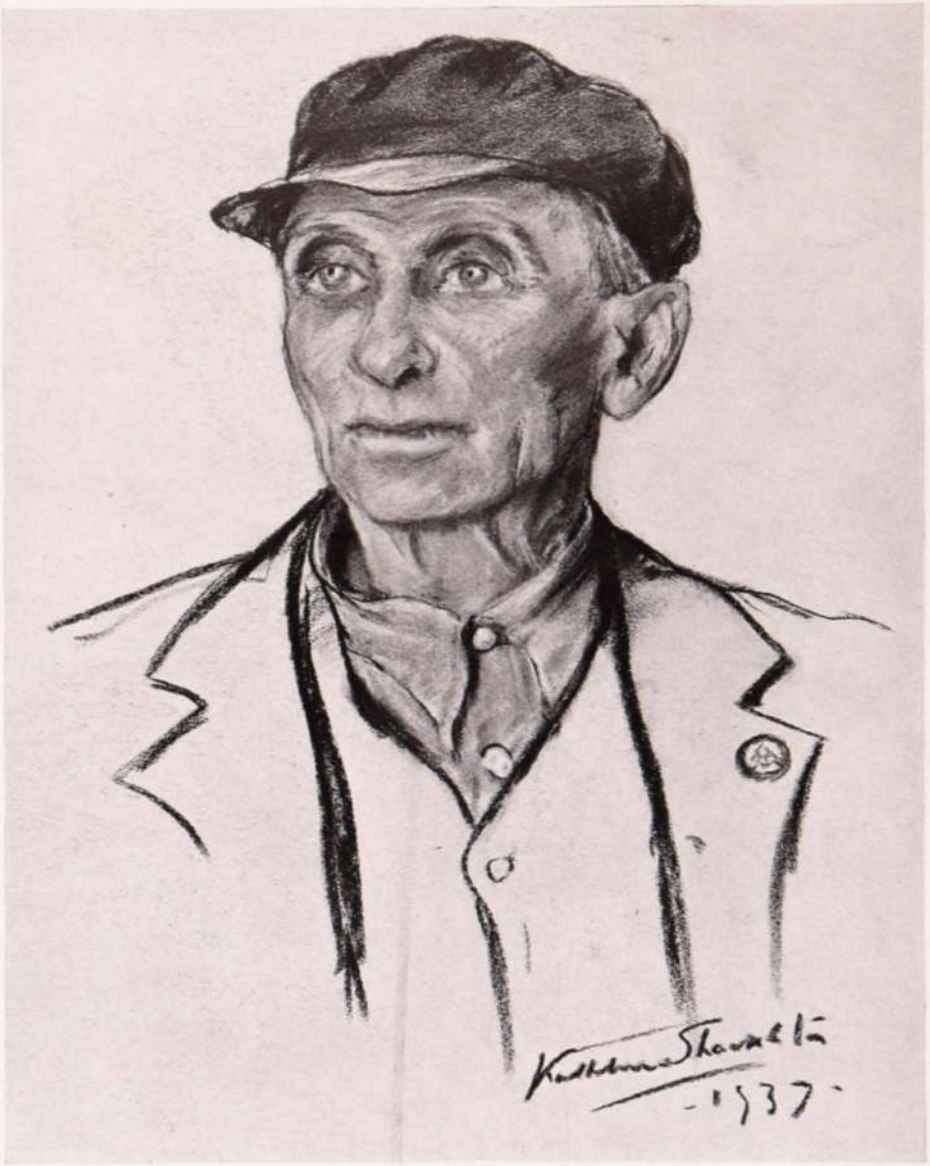
By
KATHLEEN SHACKLETON

CAPTAIN E. B. HAIGHT

Aged 75, of Dutch and Irish origin. "Remarkably young for his age," states Miss Shackleton's notes. Born 1862; joined the service 1890 and retired on pension 1931. Holds the Northwest Territories Medal; Khedive Star of the Nile Campaign, having been one of the Canadian Voyageurs recruited for Sir Garnet Wolseley's expedition in Egypt for the rescuing of General Gordon in 1884; H B C Long Service Medal. Sketch was made in his home in Edmonton.

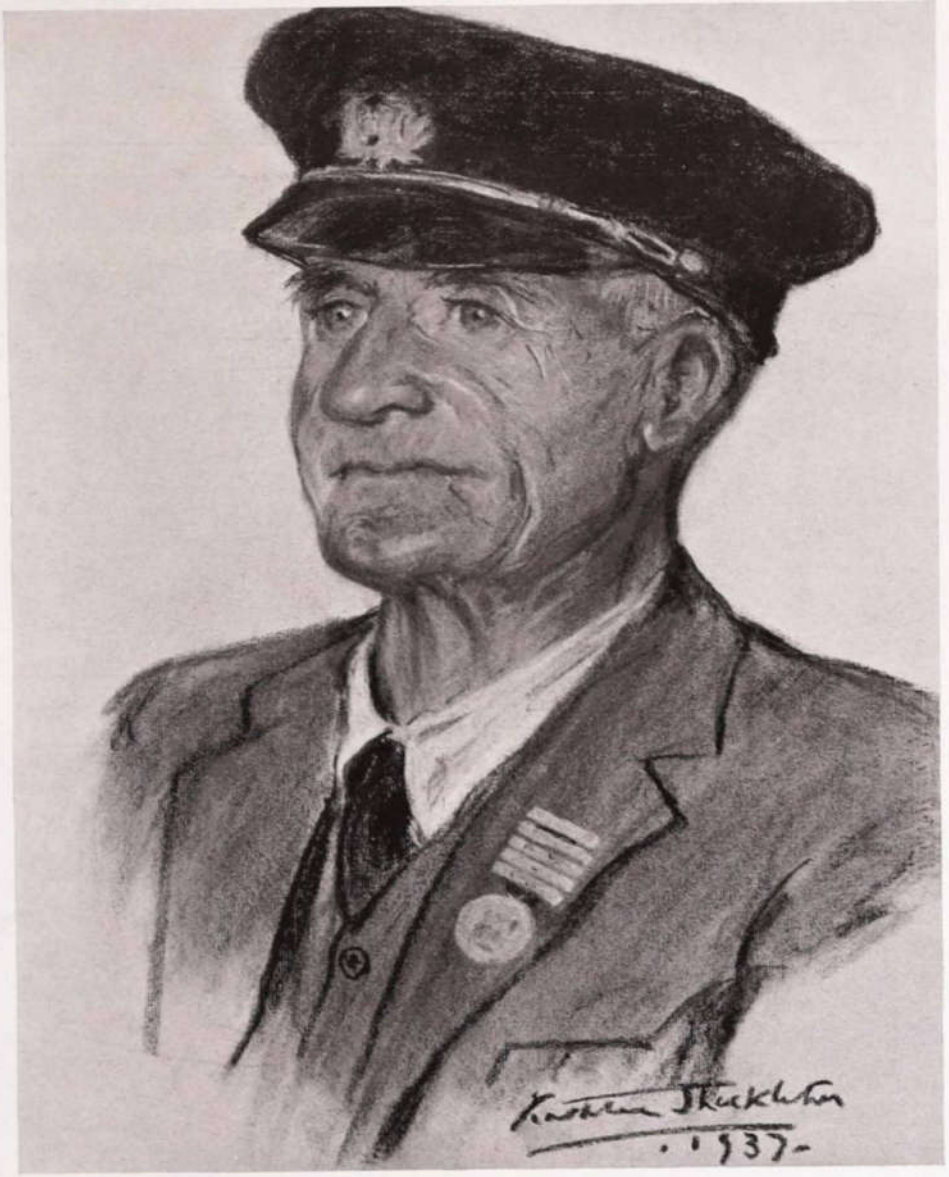
COLIN FRASER

Sketch made at his home at Chipewyan. Now nearly 90; a son of Colin Fraser, Piper to Sir George Simpson. Holds a Company medal, although he has been retired and a Free Trader for many years.



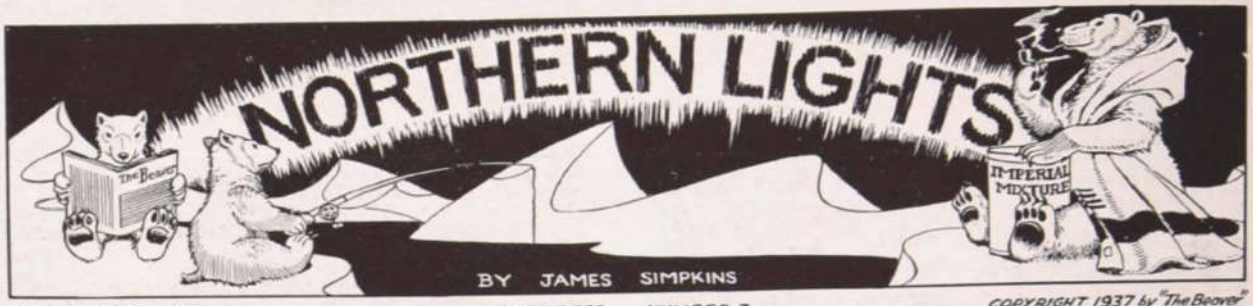
JOHN SUTHERLAND

Born in Caithness, Scotland, 1863, joined the Company's service 1883. River boat engineer; declined to retire from active service and was on the Company's ship "Northland Echo," Mackenzie River Transport, this Summer. The sketch was made on board the "Northland Echo" between Fort McMurray and Fort McKay in October 1937.



A. M. "BOB" McDERMOTT

Born in Fort Garry, Winnipeg, seventy-five years ago. Son of a prominent Selkirk Settler. Has already fifty-two years Company service; did not want to retire so was given charge of post at McKay. Sketched at Fort McMurray.



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OUTFIT 268 NUMBER 3

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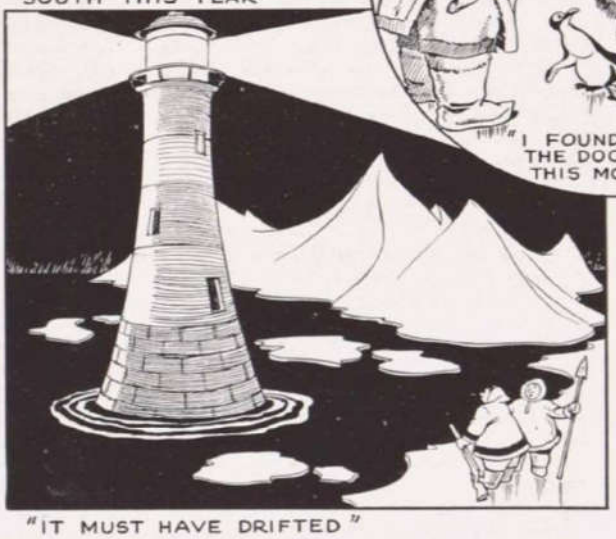
"GOOKUK MUST BE SETTING HIS TRAPS A LITTLE FURTHER SOUTH THIS YEAR"

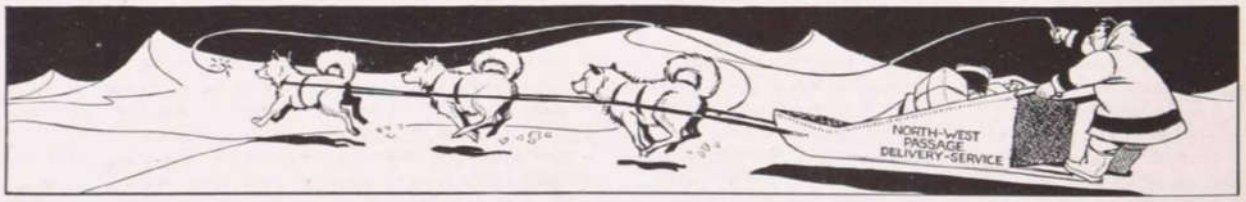
"OH, NULUK! DID YOU ORDER A TON OF COAL?"

"I FOUND HIM ON THE DOOR-STEP THIS MORNING"

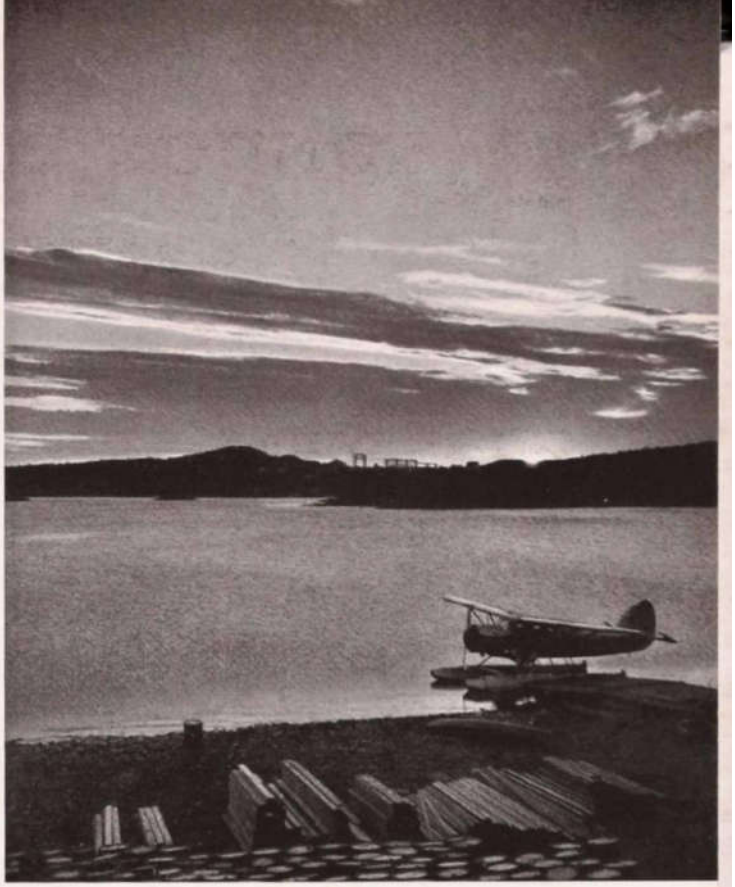


"IT MUST HAVE DRIFTED"

"SUCH SWANK! LOOK WHAT HE PICKED UP IN EUROPE"



Goldfields



Above—Company Post at Goldfields
Right—Consolidated Smelters buildings across the bay.
Below—M.B. "Canadusa" at Goldfields wharf.

By G. PENDLETON, with photos by W. M. CONN
Fur Trade Department

FOR many years trappers travelled the present site of the mining settlement of Goldfields without suspecting the rich treasures which lay beneath the surface. Minerals were discovered on the north shore of Lake Athabaska from time to time, but that ever-present subject of miners' dreams, gold, was always elusive. While traces of it were found from time to time, the first real discovery was made by Piche, a Frenchman, about twenty-five years ago. Piche brought out samples rich in visible gold, but could persuade no one to help him investigate further. Finally despairing of impressing the value of his find on a disbelieving world, he assembled his samples, put a few sticks of dynamite under them and laid himself on the mound. A fuse, a detonator, then a roar and Piche was where golden dreams troubled him no more. Does his shade haunt the busy spot that is now Goldfields?

For some years the Hudson's Bay Company operated an outpost at Black Bay. Stories of mineral discoveries along the north shore of Lake Athabaska became more frequent and mining men drifted in to Beaverlodge, thirty miles west of Black Bay. The Company opened a post there in the summer of 1935. For a short time it was known as Beaverlodge, but the Province of Saskatchewan, sensing the importance and permanence of the settlement, established a code of building regulations and started the nucleus of a permanent town, which was named Goldfields. Stores, restaurant, post office, radio station, school, branch of the Bank of Montreal, and finally a government liquor vendor's warehouse were all opened for business.

Numerous small mining concerns were floated, but the more important organizations were all the time spying out the land. Athona Mines, the Borealis Syndicate and, most significant of all, the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company of Canada, took a hand in turn. "Smelters" took the lead, and now they are in a position where they will be employing about 500 men. They have established a camp, modern in every detail, with boarding houses, commissariat, an electric lighting system, and a resident doctor.

Some $1,000,000 is being expended in power development. Preliminary work was completed when the annual freeze-up halted transportation. Waters from Tazin Lake, about 35 miles northwest of Gordon Lake, will pass through a series of tunnels and aqueducts connecting a chain of lakes with a 430 foot drop to a 1000 foot tunnel, linking with the Charlot river which flows into Lake Athabaska. The nerve centre of the projected power system will be an underground room, 100 feet by 30 feet, where the force of rushing water will be converted into electric energy. From this place, current will be carried over a 23 mile transmission line to Goldfields. This project will entail considerable work and roads will have to be made as, until now, this country was in a completely virgin state.

Development has brought to the once quiet Lake Athabaska a great change. Where Sir Alexander Mackenzie paddled his canoe and George Simpson learned the rudiments of the fur trade, the steamers and barges of our Mackenzie River Transport rush to and fro. From Edmonton and Prince Albert, fleets of aeroplanes ply daily. The bannock and beans of the prospector have given place to the luxuries of the city stores and once more the frontier has been pushed back by the initiative of men in their mad search for gold.

LONDON OFFICE NEWS

We are glad to welcome back to London Michael R. Lubbock, after being attached temporarily for the past eighteen months to the staff of the Winnipeg Head Office.

We are also glad to have R. A. Delf back after six months in South Africa.

It was a pleasure to see H. P. Warne, Inspector of the Company's Fur Purchasing Agencies, over here for the second time this year. He came to attend the autumn fur sales. R. H. Wilson, of the Edmonton Fur Purchasing Agency, has returned to Canada after spending some months studying in the Warehouse.

An item of news for all those interested in the Company's history is the restoration of the historic portraits at Hudson's Bay House. The work is being undertaken by Horace Buttery, the well-known expert, and to preserve the pictures from the ravages of the atmosphere in London they are also being placed under glass. The first to be completed, that of James, Duke of York, by Jacob Huysmans, has revealed one of the finest seventeenth century portraits in existence.

Recently, extensive alterations have been made in the office accommodation at Beaver House, which have provided additional space for various departments, including the new Powers-Samas installation of accounting, etc., equipment.

On the 30th September, Michael H. Gibbs-Smith gave a brief address on the history and activities of the Company to The Rotary Club of Haywards Heath.

The past three months have, of course, included the holiday period and formal occasions have been few, but in the Archives Department Mr. Leveson-Gower and his staff have been kept busy looking after a number of overseas visitors:

Professor Marcel Giraud, of L'Institut Français, is still a regular visitor in connection with his study of the history of the half-breeds in the western provinces of Canada. Professor Arthur S. Morton, of the University of Saskatchewan, continued his investigations on the subject of the history of Western Canada until he sailed for Canada in September.

Professor Walter N. Sage, of the University of British Columbia, and his son, Donald Sage, came to study material relative to the early history of the Fur Trade Posts in British Columbia. D. G. G. Kerr, who is preparing a biography of Sir Edmund Walker Head, a former Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, returned for a short period in July.

Willard E. Ireland, M.A., of the University of Toronto, has been a regular attendant at the Company's Archives since 26th July, and is engaged in the preparation of a dissertation on "American Influences on the History of British Columbia prior to Confederation." Dr. Julius E. Lips, a former director of the Ethnological Museum of Cologne and lately of the Anthropological Department of Columbia University, U.S.A., visited the Company's Archives regularly to study the customary law of the Canadian Indians.

Visits have also been made by Miss Smellie, of the Company's Winnipeg office, and D. Farquharson, formerly of our Fur Trade Department, Canada.

In September we received a generous gift for the Archives from Mr. Charles V. Sale, Governor of the Company from 1925 until 1931. This included a manuscript diary of Sir George Simpson during his journey round the world from London as far as Fort Nisqually in 1841, and also some private letters of Simpson and his wife, Lady Frances, written between the years 1848 and 1856.

The S.S. *Discovery*, formerly used for Captain Scott's Antarctic expedition of 1901-04 and which belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company during the period 1905-23, was on the 9th October handed over by Mr. Ormsby-Gore, the Colonial Secretary, to H.R.H. The Duke of Kent, who received the ship on behalf of The Boy Scouts' Association. In future it is to be used as a training ship for sea-scouts and a hostel for overseas scouts visiting London. The famous ship has been moored in the Thames off the Victoria Embankment.

THE FUR TRADE

Fur Trade Commissioner's Office

Our office has now settled down to winter routine, summer holidays are a thing of the past, posts are all frozen in and once more the stream of furs has begun to trickle from the woods into the posts and thence to London.

The Fur Trade Conference of Outfit 268 has come and gone. Our District Managers from St. John's, Nfld., Montreal and Edmonton, also Depot Managers from Montreal and Edmonton, came to Winnipeg and joined in important discussions with the Fur Trade Commissioner and other officials here. The agenda included the vital subjects of Merchandising, Fur Buying and Fur Farming, Personnel, Transport, Tourist Trade, etc., and many valuable ideas were exchanged and decisions reached. On the social side of the programme were the dinner tendered by the Canadian Committee to the Conference members, the annual Fur Trade dinner, the Winnipeg Board of Trade smoker, and the luncheon at the Retail Store.

Two important weddings have taken place in the Winnipeg staff. On 21st September, J. Glass, Acting District Manager, Superior-Huron, and Miss M. Prior were married at Sioux Lookout. On 30th October, C. H. J. Winter, District Accountant, Ungava District, and Miss Catherine Morrow of Calgary were married at Winnipeg. A full measure of happiness to both couples.

Company officials have done a good many miles of travelling during the quarter, considering this has been the freeze-up period. Ralph Parsons, Fur Trade Commissioner, was west as far as Waterways, north to the Steeprock Rat Marsh, and east to North Bay, Montreal, Ottawa and New York; H. P. Warne sailed on the *Queen Mary* September 22nd, to attend the Autumn Sale in London; W. M. Conn visited Waterways and Goldfields; R. H. Chesshire visited Edmonton twice; J. C. Donald has been out to Alberta and east to the Maritimes; H. E. Cooper has been north to Churchill and east to Comeau Bay, where we have our big new store on the Gulf of St. Lawrence; R. H. G. Bonnycastle accompanied the Commissioner on his trip to Eastern Canada and New York, and reports a very interesting trip when they flew back to Winnipeg. The luxury, speed, comparative silence, and night flying on the big airliners was a revelation after many years of northern flying. Flying time New York to Winnipeg, via Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis and one or two smaller stops, was some 11 hours. Meals were served aloft and every possible comfort provided.

G. B. Wright, of Saskatchewan District, sailed for London on the 1st October, where he will undergo training in the Fur Warehouse. Ralph Wilson, who has received several months instruction there, has now returned to Canada and is attached to Edmonton Fur Purchasing Agency as travelling buyer.

There is much activity at the Fur Farm at Bird's Hill, and W. O. Douglas reports the animals priming up well. There are now some 1,700 foxes, mink, marten and fisher. The layout of pens covers a large area and presents a fine appearance, which is favourably commented on by the many visitors who go out there for advice and information on fur farming.

Their many friends whom they have made since coming to Winnipeg 18 months previously said goodbye with no little regret to Mr. and Mrs. Michael Lubbock when, on 16th September, they returned to take up residence in London. Michael Lubbock, while attached to this office, threw himself very energetically into Fur Trade work, travelled far and wide, and gained an insight into the business vouchsafed to few in so short a time. We wish him great success in the London Office, and hope he will often visit this side.

The years roll on and another veteran has retired. T. A. Sinclair gave up active service as Manager of Winnipeg Fur Purchasing Agency on 30th September and has gone to Montreal to enjoy his well earned pension. "Tommy" Sinclair was born at Oxford House in 1878 and entered the service in 1901. He has been stationed at Montreal, Fort Alexander, Cochrane, North Bay, Gogama and Winnipeg.

Another old-timer J. S. C. Watt, who, with his family, has just been transferred outside from Rupert's House, has been seriously ill and recently underwent an operation at North Bay, from which he is recovering satisfactorily.

Radio telegraphy is our newest departure at H. B. House. S. G. L. Horner, Chief Operator of the *Nascopie*, is now employed during the winter months in the construction of transmitting and receiving sets, and the training of post managers and apprentices in their operation. Elsewhere is described progress in the establishment of two-way radio communication with several remote posts, and it is hoped ultimately to equip the greater number of our posts, which have no regular telegraphic communication, with their own sets. We hope also to receive permission to establish our own short-wave station in Winnipeg to work direct with posts which have no regular outlet through Government stations. Regular daily communication with all important posts, no matter how inaccessible, may well be the result in the very near future. What a change from even a very few years ago.

Steeprock Rat Marsh looked its best when the Fur Trade Commissioner visited there in September. William Blowey had good reason to be proud of his buildings and satisfied with the condition and number of muskrats in the marsh, which is a lovely spot with a profusion of marsh vegetation and aquatic plants.

The most exciting incident this year is described elsewhere—the historic and dramatic meeting of the Company's vessels *Nascopie* and *Aklavik* at the northernmost tip of this continent on 2nd September last. The meeting was executed exactly according to plan and Ungava District Manager J. W. Anderson's simple radiogram, "East meets West," brought us a thrill we don't often get in these days. The early history of attempts to navigate the North-west Passage which was thus successfully accomplished, is one of heavy loss of life and incredible hardship, and the greatest credit is due Captain Thos. F. Smellie of the *Nascopie* and E. J. Gall, in charge of the *Aklavik;* likewise, L. A. Learmonth, who reached the meeting place by whale boat and canoe from King William Land to take charge of the new post established here and named Fort Ross after the great explorer, Captain Sir John Ross. Thus was accomplished the long cherished ambition of the Fur Trade Commissioner, Ralph Parsons, to complete the chain of posts across the Arctic, commenced in 1911, when he himself established the first post on Baffinland—Lake Harbour.

British Columbia District

Congratulations and best wishes to the following members of the staff, recently married:

At Winnipeg on the 16th July, Mr. William Glennie to Miss Frances Jean Patterson of Winnipeg. Mr. and Mrs. Glennie are now settled at McDames Creek Post.

At Montreal on 4th September, Mr. S. Stephen to Miss Ann Watson of Aberdeen, Scotland. Mr. and Mrs. Stephen are wintering at Upper Hay River.

At Edmonton on 6th September, Mr. W. T. Winchester to Miss Ellen Cane Thompson of Aberdeen, Scotland. Mr. and Mrs. Winchester are now settled at Cold Lake Post.

We welcome the new brides to B.C. District, wish them every happiness and trust they will enjoy life in the North.

Congratulations also to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walker, late of Hudson's Hope Post, on the birth of a daughter, Jean Lepha, on 5th September. They received a silver spoon from Mrs. Ashley Cooper to mark the occasion.

J. Milne, District Manager, returned to District Office on 13th August, having inspected the Inland Posts in the British Columbia section of the District.

Fishing on the B.C. Coast is reported to be considerably below normal this year. Several of our Line Post natives returned "broke" from the Salmon Fishery, and many others only paid expenses.

There was considerable activity in the mining fields around Manson Creek, Tacla and McDames Creek, during the past season, and although the gold output was not as high as expected, a great deal of development work was done.

Another freighting season has been successfully completed and all our Inland Posts are fully stocked for the winter.

R. F. Corless, Jr., of Prince George, handled our supplies to the Finlay River Posts very capably and wound up a season of real hard work late in October.

Marion and Hope, operating out of Telegraph Creek, had a successful season and delivered our freight to the Cassiar Posts without mishap.

B. McCrea, operating out of Topley, B.C., got the Babine and Old Fort Babine supplies through to Topley Landing in record time.

Freighting to Peace River Posts was successfully completed by the Mackenzie River Transport.

Very bad forest fires raged in the Peace River area during the late summer and fall, especially in the vicinity of Keg River, Fort St. John, and Sturgeon Lake.

Miss Kathleen Shackleton, making portraits for the Company, spent a few days at Fort St. James and returned with some notable "heads" including Ed. Forfar, "Skook" Davidson, and H. Pierison.

Corporal Blatta of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police spent the summer and fall on special duty in Cassiar District.

A Roman Catholic Church has been built at Liard and Father Drean will be stationed there for the winter.

J. T. Buchan, Manager at Liard, wishes a transfer to an isolated Post. Liard is now a stopping place on the Edmonton-Whitehorse air mail run, and Mr. Buchan states it has become far too civilized for him since the weekly mail service started.

J. Gregg, late Post Manager at Telegraph Creek, is at present on a special mission to the Yukon Territory.

L. F. Murphy, late Post Manager of Fort St. James, resigned from the service September 15th, to take over his father-in-law's hotel business in Vanderhoof.

Welcome to the following newcomers to the service: Miss Sally Redmond, Fort St. James; Miss Heather Priest, District Office; F. S. Bailey, Frances Lake, J. R. W. Faichney, Trout Lake.

Western Arctic District

His Excellency Lord Tweedsmuir visited Aklavik, Tuktuk and Coppermine during the past season of navigation. An enthusiastic reception was accorded our distinguished visitor at all points.

At Tuktuk, which has now definitely been established as the trading and distributing centre of the Arctic Coast, the Governor General and his party were welcomed by A. Copland, District Manager. An inspection of buildings and freight in transit interested His Excellency very much, as all supplies for the Arctic Coast were assembled at this point. Tuktuk was the most northerly point of the vice-regal tour.

Coast transport was severely handicapped this past season by the loss of the *Fort James*. Fortunately, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police *St. Roch*, despite her leaking condition, delivered over one hundred tons of freight to Coppermine before proceeding to Vancouver. The *Audrey B* did some fine work and delivered over three hundred tons of freight, completing her work on October 5th at Coppermine.

The M.S. *Aklavik*, E. J. Gall, Master, assisted by Patsy Klengenberg and J. R. Ford, undertook a remarkable journey this summer which culminated in the opening of a new route from west to east through the North-west Passage. Leaving Cambridge Bay with a full load, the *Aklavik* delivered supplies to our Post at Gjoa Haven on King William Land. Proceeding by way of the Rae, Sir James Ross, and Franklin Straits, the vessel passed to the north of the Magnetic Pole, then through Bellot Strait—the North-west Passage—to establish communication for the first time with the Company's regular Eastern Arctic transport, the R.M.S. *Nascopie*.

The *Aklavik* returned to King William Land with a load of supplies *ex* the *Nascopie* from Montreal, the first brought to that post from the East, and our latest information is to the effect that, under the charge of Patsy Klengenberg, the *Aklavik* has returned to winter in the vicinity of Fort Ross.

Scotty Gall and his crew are to be congratulated on accomplishing what they set out to do, particularly as little was known of the route and the *Aklavik* is the only vessel, in the long history of the search for the North-west Passage, that has actually passed through Bellot Strait.

L. A. Learmonth, accompanied by D. G. Sturrock, also undertook to travel from King William Land, through Bellot Strait in a whaleboat. Turned back by ice, they portaged a canoe across Boothia Peninsula and made contact with the *Nascopie*.

Angus Gavin and J. J. Wood have established our new Post at Perry River.

The search for the lost Russian fliers was conducted from Coppermine in the U.S.S.R. machine L2, under the leadership of Sir Hubert Wilkins. Two well-known northern pilots, H. Hollick-Kenyon and Al Cheesman, were in the party of five. Two flights were made over the Polar Ice, using Walker Inlet, Prince Patrick Island, as a base. A very large area was scanned but the presence of heavy banks of fog handicapped the work considerably. The party transferred their base to Aklavik and continued the search until freeze-up.

The flying boat had a wing span of 104 feet, twin engines of 900 horse-power each, and a cruising range of four thousand miles. The search will continue during the winter, using Aklavik or Point Barrow as a base.

Bishop A. L. Fleming visited all missions in the Western Arctic either by boat or 'plane, also Tuktuk, Baillie Island, and

Maitland Point, where there were large gatherings of natives en route to Tuktuk and Herschel Island.

Bishop Breynat visited Coppermine and Bathurst Inlet in his private 'plane, picking up Bishop Fallaize, who had spent a very busy summer on the coast supervising the delivery of mission freight on the schooner *Our Lady of Lourdes*. The vessel had a heavy programme and established two new out-missions at Maitland Point and Prince Albert Sound.

Captain C. T. Pedersen, of the Northern Whaling and Trading Company and the Canalaska Trading Company, travelled north himself and shipped all supplies for his posts with our Mackenzie River Transport to Tuktuk. The river route proved of great interest to Captain Pedersen, who has been actively associated with the Western Arctic for forty-two years, and has made the annual run around the Alaskan Coast to Herschel Island for many years. He was accompanied by his son, Teddy, and Mr. Bartlett. We hope to see Mrs. Pedersen come north next summer.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Ray Ross, of Reid Island, on the birth of a son. Ray, Junior, accompanied his mother by Canadian Airways 'plane from Edmonton to Coppermine, completing the long journey on the *Audrey B*.

Mackenzie Air Service has secured the contract for the Mackenzie River and Arctic Coast mail, and will make the regular trips to Aklavik and Coppermine starting this winter.

It is our privilege to report many items of extreme interest that occur within the District, and the latest to come to hand is from Wm. Gibson to the effect that our radio station at King William Land, VE5LD, contacted UPOL, Soviet Drifting North Pole Expedition (not to be confused with the lost Russian fliers), on October 21st at 23.45 C.S.T. The party gave their position as 84 degrees 22 minutes north latitude, and three degrees east longitude Greenwich. The following extracts are given from the transmission:

"At Franz Josef Land there are our airplanes. Here are four men without airplanes. We are here until April. Weather today twenty-two celsius now moonlight, Polar night until February. Here operator Krenkel I was operator after wreck of steamer *Cheliuskin*. Here heavy ice thirty-three meters the ground (ocean bed?) three thousand meters difficult take the ground with the hands. We are drifting south."

On behalf of the Company Mr. Gibson wished the party every success in their scientific work.

D. G. Sturrock, who operates our station on King William Land, has been a pioneer in amateur radio work in the Arctic, and has every reason to be congratulated. Through the success attained by his efforts we have been encouraged to extend the facilities of wireless communication to several other posts.

James Lindsay Buchan Milne, son of F. B. Milne, was born on the 12th November at Cambridge Bay.

Mackenzie-Athabasca District

Forest fires have been exceptionally bad throughout the summer along the banks of the Athabaska River between Fort McKay and Fort Chipewyan and it was feared for some time that Fort McKay settlement would be destroyed. Fur bearing animals have no doubt suffered.

In August, W. C. Rothnie, of Fort McMurray, had to rush his wife and their little son, Ronnie, to Edmonton for medical attention. Both were patients in the Royal Alexandra Hospital and, although Mrs. Rothnie soon recovered, the small boy had a very difficult time and required a blood transfusion. We are glad to report he is now better.

John Bartleman, District Manager, arrived back in Edmonton August 16th after visiting all Mackenzie River Posts. He set out again on the 23rd August with Captain Cazalet and Michael Lubbock on a visit to all Posts as far as Tuktuk.

The Oblate Missionaries of Northern Alberta and the Northwest Territories have received twenty Remington-Rand portable typewriters with type cast in the Cree language. The machines have eighty-eight characters, including sixty-four letters, ten figures and fourteen accents.

An interesting character recently died at Hardisty, near Edmonton. He was Thomas Frazier McKay, aged 100 years. Born on January 14th, 1837, near Montreal on a grant of land given to his parents by the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. McKay was the son of one of the Company's Factors, his mother coming to Canada from England as companion to the sister of Sir George Simpson. Mr. McKay was first a ship builder and in later years a carpenter.

Dr. H. L. Lewis, Indian Agent for some years at Fort Chipewyan, has been transferred to the North Battleford Agency, while Dr. Head, of Fort Good Hope, replaces Dr. Lewis at Fort Chipewyan.

In September we picked up in Edmonton the broadcast from R.M.S. *Nascopie* at the new Fort Ross Post, on Bellot Strait. We were glad to hear Captain Smellie's voice, also E. J. Gall's and L. A. Learmonth's.

Miss Kathleen Shackleton, sister of the explorer, Sir Ernest Shackleton, paid a visit in September to Posts on the Athabaska River as far as Fort Smith, for the purpose of making sketches of Fur Trade figures and Indian types. She executed some very fine portraits.

L. A. Romanet, former District Manager, has been appointed manager for Abasand Limited and has opened up an office in the Commercial Building at Edmonton.

The crop of potatoes at Fort Norman, N.W.T., near the Arctic Circle, was exceptionally good this summer.

Construction of a railway to Goldfields, where there is intensive mining activity, is under consideration, with three possible routes suggested, viz., from Waterways, Prince Albert and North Battleford Areas.

After a strenuous and lengthy hunt, the individuals responsible for the Fort Nelson fur robbery were caught, tried, convicted and sentenced to five years imprisonment.

W. S. Carson, of Stony Rapids Post, married Miss Mary Lambert in August and left, with his bride, for furlough in Newfoundland.

S. A. Stephen, of Fort Good Hope Post, was married to Miss Ann Watson at Montreal in August. Mr. and Mrs. Stephen are now settled at Upper Hay River.

J. F. Seguin, pensioner, late of Fort St. John Post, underwent treatment in the General Hospital at Edmonton in September. He has now recovered.

Mackenzie River Transport

The season of navigation was brought to a close by the arrival at Waterways of the last of the crews of Upper River vessels on 26th October.

A low stage of water prevailed on the Athabaska River throughout the season and was a serious handicap, especially in the latter part. Due to these conditions, the S.S. *Athabasca River* and her big barge, after making the last run to Fitzgerald, were unable to cross the bar at the mouth of the river on Lake Athabaska and were consequently forced to freeze in near Chipewyan. Captain Alexander and Chief Engineer King are standing by until after freeze-up.

All vessels on the lower river managed to reach Gravel Point Shipyard before freeze-up and are safely hauled out in winter quarters.

Freight handling on all sections was in excess of previous records, a total of 10,500 tons having being handled through Waterways.

The S.S. *Distributor*, on her last trip, brought out 400 tons of ore and oil from Fort Norman.

History was made on September 17th by the arrival of S.S. *Athabasca River* and barge 301 at Goldfields. This is the first steamer of any size to cross Lake Athabaska.

Radio telephones installed during the season on S.S. *Athabasca River* and S.S. *Northland Echo* have proved of great service, particularly as it was impossible to maintain schedules of sailings during latter part of the season, owing to low water.

On August 28th we were honoured by the visit of Capt. V. A. Cazalet, M.C., M.P., accompanied by Messrs. Lubbock and Bartleman.

The Fur Trade Commissioner paid a visit to Waterways and Fort Smith during the early part of September, accompanied by Mr. Chesshire.

William Conn from F.T.C.O. visited Waterways on September 15th en route to Goldfields by air, whence he returned September 18th.

A committee, appointed to investigate navigation difficulties, headed by Mr. McLaughlin, of the Federal Department of Transport, arrived at Waterways September 29th and left again on October 1st.

A land subsidence at Fort Smith during August completely destroyed the road from top of the hill to the river front. Final shipments for the North were lowered down the face of the hill with difficulty under the direction of Ryan Brothers. A new road has been surveyed and work on this has already started.

G. P. (Scotty) Paterson was admitted to Royal Alexandra Hospital, Edmonton, for an operation on his leg November 2nd. His many friends wish him a speedy recovery.

The Transport Office has now transferred from Waterways to Winnipeg for the winter months.

Saskatchewan District

The past quarter has been one of much interest throughout the District. Staff comings and goings have been numerous and an influx of visitors, especially from south of the border, has served to emphasize the fact that Canada's hinterland is still the Tourist's Paradise.

Many parties toured the northern part of Saskatchewan during the summer, while excursions on Lake Winnipeg to Norway House were extremely well patronized. The old "Voyageurs" trail from Red River to York Factory still attracts those fond of the historic as well as the adventurous aspect, and from inquiries received it appears this route will again be well traversed next season.

In October first direct communication was received from one of the interior Posts in Saskatchewan. Radio station VE4QR, established by A. Harkes at Clear Lake Post, sent out a message on the 20th. Harkes is an enthusiastic radio amateur and, although the station has only recently been put in operation, he has established a nightly schedule with Prince Albert and reports communication with Vancouver, Quebec, Mexico and Brazil. One of the first messages "out" concerned the death of old Chief Raphael Campbell, of Clear Lake. The old man, who was a staunch Company supporter and a very fine old character, took an interest greater than that usually found in people towards something that they cannot understand when Harkes installed his transmitter, looking upon it as something that would benefit the community in an emergency. Little did he know that its first traffic would relate his own death.

Another old-timer left us during August; old George Bruyere, of Fort Alexander, passed away at the age of ninety-six. Many of his early days were spent in the York Boats back and forth to York Factory.

R. A. Talbot, District Manager, returned from his summer inspection trip on September 4th, encountering very favourable weather all through, although his plane was hampered on occasions by smoke from forest fires. With south winds prevailing during late July, smoke from fires south of the Churchill River, in the Deschambault Lake and Pelican Narrows area, reached within fifty miles of Nueltin Lake in the Territories, and was particularly troublesome on the journey from that point to Lac du Brochet Post.

At Nueltin Lake, Post Manager Schweder looked upon our visit as a gift from "Lady Luck," as the caribou returned the day after we arrived, indicating this winter would not be as lean as last year.

Our visit at Lac du Brochet coincided with that of Bishop Lajeunesse of the Diocese of Keewatin, and acquaintances were renewed with Father Chamberlain, who was accompanying the Bishop and who was last met at Norway House. Father Egenolf was the genial host, as always, at the Mission.

We are pleased to be able to report that A. M. Chalmers has made a good recovery from his recent operation and has returned to duty at Fort Alexander Post.

Epidemics have again been prevalent at various points in the District, Cross Lake experiencing a nasty 'flu epidemic, while measles broke out again at Stanley Post, attacking practically every native home. Three deaths have been recorded to date.

Our sympathies are extended to Apprentice G. E. E. Miles, whose mother died suddenly in Winnipeg on October 18th. Miles had only left Winnipeg two days previously en route to Isle a la Crosse and, but for bad weather delaying his departure from Prince Albert, would probably have reached his destination and been unable to get back to Winnipeg for the funeral. He is at present stationed at Montreal Lake over the freeze-up.

The Churchill River Power Company have completed work on the dam at the outlet of Reindeer Lake on the Reindeer River, thus controlling the waters on the lake to act as a reserve for the power plant at Island Falls, which plant supplies the power for the town of Flin Flon.

The Waskesieu-Montreal Lake Highway was completed in the early fall, and it is now possible to drive through by car to Montreal Lake from Prince Albert.

A cairn has recently been erected by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada at Fort Alexander, marking the site of old Fort Maurepas.

Messrs. A. Ahenakew, W. R. Henry, C. J. Lockhart-Smith, W. W. Lowrie, J. R. McDonald, E. J. McLean, F. J. Mitchell, P. Pederson and F. Reid attended the annual Fur Grading Course in Winnipeg during the latter part of August, and on completion of same spent some time taking refresher courses in the Training School. During their stay in Winnipeg a very interesting visit was made to the Retail Store and also to the factories of the Cambridge Sweater Mills and the Monarch Knitting Company.

Nelson River District

The M.S. *Fort Severn* experienced a very successful freighting season, and was hauled out on the Government slipway, at Churchill, on September 15th. Captain Barbour, Chief Engineer Bradbury, Charles Laite and L. Bradbury left Churchill for their homes in Newfoundland on completion of the season's freighting operations. The other members of the crew, notably Eric Carlson, Mate; E. Batstone, Assistant Engineer; and Joe Bennett, cook, are wintering in the Churchill area. Although "conscripted" for the job, Joe achieved wonders in the ship's tiny galley, his raisin pie especially (as Captain Barbour will testify) being worthy of Lucullus.

Among the passengers who travelled on the schooner during the latter part of the season were Dr. and Mrs. George Crile, Professor Quiring and A. Fuller, of the Cleveland Clinic Expedition; Msgr. Clabaut and Fathers Dionne, Basin, Lacroix, Dunleavy, Thibert, Machand and Brother Paradis, of the Roman Catholic Mission; Dr. C. H. D. Clarke and W. H. B. Hoare, of Ottawa, Ontario; Corporal Kerr and Constables Cox and James, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police; G. Madill, of the Dominion Observatory, as well as several members of the District Staff.

After a brief stop at Chesterfield Inlet, reached on the *Nascopie*, the Cleveland Clinic Expedition, headed by Dr. Crile, took passage on the M.S. *Fort Severn* to Churchill, the vessel calling in at Tavane en route to pick up specimens of caribou, walrus, etc., required in connection with their scientific investigations. While the dissection of a walrus is no small task, even under the best of conditions, performing this feat on the open deck of a schooner "bucking" a heavy sea is indication enough of what heroic stuff scientists are made.

The work and objective of the Cleveland Clinic Expedition, described in such an interesting manner by the leader of the party, Dr. George Crile, famous U.S. surgeon, is illustrative of how an idea, inspired during a big game hunt in Africa, can send scientists to the far corners of the earth on research work that has already contributed, materially, to the alleviation of ills to which mankind is heir.

We would take this opportunity of extending our congratulations to Msgr. Clabaut, on the occasion of his elevation to the position of Bishop of Troies, Coadjutor of the Vicariate of Hudson Bay.

Dr. Clarke and W. H. B. Hoare boarded the schooner at Chesterfield, on the last southbound trip, after travelling across the Northwest Territories, from Fort Reliance to Baker Lake by canoe. They spent the summer in the Thelon Game Sanctuary, conducting various scientific investigations on behalf of the Dominion Government.

During September H. E. Cooper, of the Fur Trade Commissioner's Office, visited the "line" Posts Churchill, Wabowden and Gillam. He was accompanied on his trip by W. E. Brown, District Manager.

W. E. Brown returned to Winnipeg on September 23rd, after spending the summer inspecting posts on the west coast of Hudson Bay, travelling by the *Fort Severn*. Members of the staff, at all Posts visited, were found in good health.

During the summer new stores were built at Nelson House and Split Lake Posts, and extensive repairs carried out at Wabowden Post, the store at that point being completely modernized. The modernization of Churchill Store is now under way.

A new and up-to-date day school has just been completed at York Factory. The work was carried out under the able instruction and supervision of Rev. Archdeacon Faries.

Archdeacon Faries will be greatly missed, this winter, at York Factory, as it is his intention to spend the winter in Toronto, engaged on the exacting work of revising and proof-reading his new Cree-English dictionary.

Superior-Huron District

The staff of the district take this opportunity of extending to Mr. and Mrs. J. Glass heartiest congratulations on their marriage at Sioux Lookout on Tuesday, 21st September. Mrs. Glass was formerly Miss Marie Prior, who was for some time on the staff of our Sioux Lookout Store.

M. S. Cook has undergone an operation on his hip which has necessitated his confinement to hospital and convalescent home in Winnipeg for at least six weeks. At date of writing, Mr. Cook's condition is as favourable as can be expected. His trouble was the result of slipping on the ice while driving dogs last spring. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Aime Baulne of Gogama has been obliged to have one of his fingers amputated following an injury which he sustained some time ago.

Mr. Barrett, of the Small Stores Division, accompanied by J. Glass, visited Sioux Lookout, Hudson, Red Lake, Nipigon and Geraldton during the first week in September.

During the past two months we have been erecting an addition to the store a Nipigon, which will more than double the floor space when completed, and will give us a remarkably fine building here. Work is expected to be completed by the 15th December.

James Bay District

The M.K. *Fort Churchill* and M.S. *Repulse* were hauled out at their winter quarters early in October, on the completion of the freighting season.

This past summer there were quite a number of visitors to Moose Factory and the district generally.

A party of hunters from the United States travelled up the east coast and had a very successful trip, bagging four polar bears.

Bill Beal, radio announcer, Station KDKA, and friend, R. Wakefield, spent a short vacation at Moose Factory in August. Mr. Beal's broadcasts to the North are much enjoyed and appreciated, and it was a great disappointment to all his radio friends on the east coast of James Bay that he was unable to accompany Dr. Tyrer on the trip to Great Whale River.

On board the *Fort Churchill* on the voyage to Great Whale River and Belcher Posts were Professor A. J. Sherzer, Ann Arbor, Michigan, and Mr. L. D. Tracy, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Lance Corporal Wilson, of the R.C.M. Police, on the annual patrol, joined the schooner at Great Whale River for Belcher.

On a tour of Canada and the United States, studying conditions of fur bearing animals, Mr. V. M. Klemola, Chief Government Game Inspector of Finland, paid a short visit to Moose Factory this summer.

Dr. W. L. Tyrer, Indian Agent at Moose Factory, made his usual inspection of the James Bay Posts in the M.B. *Charles Stewart*.

Reverend Henri Belleau, O.M.I., Vicar Provincial of the Roman Catholic Missions, spent the greater part of the summer in James Bay.

The Bishop of Moosonee visited the east coast in July and later travelled inland to Neoskweskau and Nemaska by 'plane.

Reverend Canon Gould, General Secretary of the M.S.C.C., made an inspection of the splendid new school building at the Anglican Mission at Moose Factory.

Inspector Blake, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, also paid an official visit to Moose Factory.

There were a great number of sportsmen in for the fall goose shoot. Birds were very plentiful, and the hunters all reported obtaining good bags.

St. Lawrence District

Two weddings were celebrated in the district during the past quarter. On August 9th at Mistassinny A. S. Ritchie, Post Manager, Chibougamau Post, was married to Miss Winnie Iserhoff, daughter of W. Iserhoff, of Mistassinny Post. The happy couple spent a two-weeks honeymoon at Pointe Bleue, P.Q.

On October 9th P. A. Camiot, of Natashquan Post, was married by Reverend Father Huland to Miss Helen Landry, also of Natashquan, P.Q.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Frankland at 8 p.m. on 30th September at the Jeanne D'Arc Hospital, Montreal. Mrs. Frankland and baby have since returned to Seven Islands on board the S.S. *New Northland*.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. L. Turgeon at Misericordia Hospital, Haileybury, Ontario, September 26th. Mrs. Turgeon and baby have rejoined Mr. Turgeon at Mattice Post.

W. Iserhoff, of Mistassinny Post, arrived in Montreal on September 21st for medical observation, which was undertaken at the Royal Victoria Hospital. It was found an operation was necessary for a stone in the bladder, which was successfully performed. After making good headway towards recovery, a second minor operation had to be performed, from which he is making a steady recovery. It is hoped he will now shortly be released from hospital. Willie, who has spent the whole of his life in the North, has never before been in a city and consequently was much taken up with what he saw in Montreal. The train trip from Oskelaneo was his first venture of this kind.

What reads like a sequence of plagues was received from Natashquan Post. To start with grasshoppers became such a pest during the past summer they got into the hay crops and spoiled them. In the spring porpoises were so numerous they drove away the cod and caplin. Later in the season caterpillars returned and destroyed all the vegetable crops in the vicinity. During the winter squirrels were in such numbers as to be a real nuisance to trappers by continuously springing their traps. To put it in the language of the Post Manager, "Natashquan" seems to be suffering from as many plagues as befell Egypt in the olden times.

The new store in Baie Comeau was completed early in September and opened for business on the 15th September. The building, which was constructed by P. Hjertholm, of Montreal, has a good appearance and style and has been generally commended by all who have visited it. Good progress is being made towards the completion of the new townsite and at present the Ontario Paper Company are well advanced in their programme and expect to be operating early next spring. The first mayoralty elections took place on September 13th and H. A. Sewell, in charge of the woodlands operations for the Ontario Paper Company, was unanimously elected mayor. The aldermen of the council are E. C. Larose, Romeo Comette and J. A. Marier. The Hon. Jos. Bilodeau, Quebec Minister of Municipal Affairs, Trade and Commerce, officiated at the ceremony.

The contract for the new road from Port Neuf to Baie Comeau is reported to have been let. It is said the work is to be continued throughout the winter in order to have it completed by next summer. Five hundred men are expected to be employed. This road will pass by Bersimis Post, and when completed it will be possible to motor from Montreal to Baie Comeau.

Mr. H. A. Graham, of Obijuan Post, reported having heard the broadcast sent out by the S.S. *Nascopie* from Fort Ross at the time of the epic meeting with the *Aklavik* at that point. Speeches by Mr. L. A. Learmonth, Captain Smellie and E. J. Gall were plainly heard on the Post radio.

Northern Quebec, especially the Abitibi section, lost one of its best known residents when J. H. Burns, more popularly known as "Jim Burns," died recently. Mr. Burns, who was a resident of Senneterre for a number of years, had been ailing for some time and was discovered dead one morning. He is survived by a sister, a resident of Vancouver, who was in Senneterre at the time of his demise.

Labrador District

After a summer of almost constant aeroplane activities the folks at North West River, Labrador, while still a little intrigued at the spectacle of 'planes in flight, have become conscious of their possibilities in connection with their own livelihood. As a result, a few trappers have had their supplies "flown in" to the country, thereby saving much time and many a hard portage.

The surveying operations of Messrs. Bowater Lloyd, Limited, and the Labrador Mining & Exploration Company, Limited, were recently concluded at North West River for the season and personnel returned to the "outside." One 'plane of the Newfoundland Skyways chartered by the latter company this season will remain at St. John's for the winter in charge of Pilot J. Wade.

Negotiations are taking place between the promoter and the Commission of Government in respect to placing a large herd of reindeer in Labrador. It is proposed to start with a shipment of approximately 1,000 next year.

The H.M.S. *Scarborough* was engaged for a short time this summer in taking soundings of the approach to Cartwright. The staff of Cartwright Post had the pleasure of exchanging courtesies with Captain Baxter and his officers. A salmon fishing trip to Eagle River was arranged which the visitors greatly enjoyed.

We recently established a sub Post at Voisey's Bay, which will be under the control of the parent Post at Nain.

The Hon. Sir Wilfred Woods, Commissioner for Public Utilities, visited North West River this summer. Upon his return south one or two of our Post Managers had the privilege of meeting him.

We regret to record the recent death of Capt. John Clarke, who was Master of the S.S. *Kyle* on the Labrador service for several years and consequently was well known to many of the Company's employees.

We were glad to see our old friend Mr. George G. Williams of Farmington, U.S.A., on the coast again this summer in his yacht *Karluk*. Mr. Williams has been a regular visitor to Sandwich Bay for many years past, and never fails to take advantage of the excellent salmon fishing at Eagle River.

Mr. Chesley Ford, who is well known to many of the older men of the North, has secured a position as interpreter with the Government Ranger Force at Hebron. A few years ago Mr. Ford was Manager of the Company's Post there.

Managers W. J. Cobb of Cartwright and George Budgell of Rigolet visited St. John's during September to assist in the selection of their Post's fall and winter merchandise.

The M.S. *Fort Garry* is due to arrive at St. John's on November 1st. After discharging returns, she will lay up for the winter at Bay Roberts.

Ungava District

Under this heading in the last issue of *The Beaver*, we gave you a fairly comprehensive description of the *Nascopie* voyage from Montreal to Churchill, Manitoba, and we think that our annual custom of invading the *Nascopie* with District Office bags and baggage gives us an opportunity to tell you of the voyage and of our District.

Several enjoyable days were spent at Churchill amid quite exhilarating company. Ball games were arranged between Nascopie-ites and Churchillites, and although we were on the losing end, nevertheless considerable athletic promise was shown among the passenger, crew and Fur Trade team.

H.M.S. *Scarborough*, trim and gray, slid into the harbour not long after our arrival and what with a couple of grain boats and other small craft, the Port acquired a seafaring atmosphere.

We were delighted to see hundreds of cases of H B C Rum and "Best Procurable" Scotch Whisky going ashore from the S.S. *Wentworth*, out from the Old Country, but samples were not available for boosting these commodities. However, we can guarantee much interest and enthusiasm was shown by all who saw.

Several dances and excursions were held there and all had an interesting time. Many were the amusing incidents, and we are wondering how one visitor to Churchill felt when it dawned that river buoys are a far cry from whales, even in those northern waters.

Chesterfield Inlet was reached on August 15th, where genial "Lofty" Stewart acted as shore host to passengers and Company men until the 17th, when the *Nascopie* sailed for Wolstenholme. Here again we met the N.B. *McLean* on August 19th, also Chesley Russell from Cape Dorset Post, who had crossed the straits on a walrus hunt.

On to Lake Harbour that same day to pick up P. A. C. Nichols, who was later transferred elsewhere, and while there one of our very popular passengers received a chilly and sudden ducking by turning turtle in his kayak.

Our next port was Craig Harbour, the home of the most northerly post office in the British Empire, the home of numerous gigantic glaciers and also the home of two solitary Mounties. However, they were particularly cheerful and sailed with us to return to civilization. We also met Lieut. Bentham, of the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain, who is conducting scientific work on Ellesmere Island.

Arctic Bay, at which Post we anchored on August 30th, was swathed in sunshine, and here we met A. R. Scott, A. Stevenson and E. W. Lyall, of the Company's staff, one member of the British Canadian Arctic Expedition, and two prospectors who had walked overland from Churchill during the spring. Arctic Bay Post, with its new and modern buildings set among the towering hills, offers a very romantic and wonderful view to the budding fur trader. At least, we know M. G. Ahlbaum will agree with us. He landed there fresh from the Winnipeg Training School, complete with transmitting set, a barograph, thermometers, and numerous charts. Company Radio Station CZ5H was erected, and from that time until well on our homeward course we were in constant communication with the Post.

From Arctic Bay the good ship *Nascopie* headed into new waters, for Bellot Strait, into waters sailed by Franklin, McClintock and others of early days. "What shall we see; what will Somerset Island show us?" Such were the questions in our minds as we headed west, through Prince Regent Inlet, on towards the very centre of Canada's Arctic Coast. Thousands of seals were to be seen, animal tracks on the ice, snow-covered mountains of northern Baffin Land on our port, and virgin territory ahead—this was really fur trading.

On Thursday, September 2nd, 1937, anchor was dropped in Depot Bay, off the mouth of Bellot Strait, and here the site was selected for our new Post, to be known as Fort Ross. Building materials and supplies were hastened ashore and work was commenced almost immediately.

The *Nascopie* had not yet dropped anchor in Depot Bay when the Western Arctic schooner *Aklavik*, under the command of "Scotty" Gall, was seen coming from the mouth of Bellot Strait, and at eleven a.m. on September 2nd, 1937, West met East, having again proven the North-West Passage. This sturdy little craft *Aklavik* had journeyed from King William Land Post since August 23rd, encountering much ice and wind and not a little engine trouble, but with determination and grit these men, E. J. Gall, J. R. Ford, and Patsy Klengenberg, brought the craft to the meeting place on time. History was made on this day: McClintock's cairn was found, furs from King William Land Post were being shipped to London via the Eastern Arctic route, the Eastern and Western Arctic Districts were opened to each other, and Skipper Gall had earned the distinction of journeying to his home in Scotland on furlough by this new route.

But more was yet to come. Late on the evening of September 2nd, L. A. Learmonth and D. G. Sturrock, reached the *Nascopie*, having crossed Bellot Strait in a 16-foot canoe. These men had journeyed from King William Land by whaleboat, canoe and on foot, crossing from west to east on the northern tip of Boothia Peninsula. Thus were our plans complete: the *Aklavik* was at Fort Ross to take back William Gibson and supplies to King William Land Post; L. A. Learmonth was at hand to take over the management of Fort Ross.

During the next six days, amid snow and sleet, the new buildings were erected, goods stored, boats repaired, and winter preparations made. Many were the willing and energetic amateur carpenters available, and the splendid co-operation of our Fur Trade staff and ship's crew was once again thoroughly emphasized.

On September 8th, we bade *au revoir* to Post Manager Learmonth, D. Goodyear, and E. W. Lyall, who are wintering at Fort Ross, and not a few of those on board were sorry to leave this spot which had been silent and desolate for decades before, but which had hummed with activity and the ring of hammer on nail for several days past. Mr. Goodyear will complete the interior of the buildings, and we anticipate a good showing when the *Nascopie* goes through next season.

The run to Pond's Inlet was uneventful, and here we saw Post Manager J. M. Stanners, members of the R.C.M.P. and the Roman Catholic and Anglican Missions, all in good health and with full knowledge of the ship's arrival, having heard the nightly broadcasts.

Clyde Post was the next port, on September 13th, where H. T. Ford greeted us with his usual salute. All was well here and on the same evening the *Nascopie* headed out for Pangnirtung, arriving there on the 16th after a beautiful run down the Pangnirtung Fjord.

Mr. and Mrs. Thom and their daughter, Sandra, also T. Harwood, had spent a good winter and we understand Sandra is acquiring a really northern accent. Pangnirtung was quite thickly populated at ship-time, with members of the hospital staff, Anglican Mission, R.C.M.P., Dr. Orford and family, and more than two hundred natives. Incidentally, we believe the two young Misses Orford are apt to become Eskimo linguists of no mean calibre.

During our stay here, an operation was successfully performed on a native taken from Port Harrison to the Pangnirtung Hospital, our ship's doctor and friend, Dr. L. D. Livingstone, assisting. Native sports were held on shore and were well attended by passengers and crew.

Saying good-bye to this northern metropolis on September 19th, the last call was made at Port Burwell on the 20th. Here we were met by L. Coates, N. Mackenzie, C. Crompton, N. Adams and S. C. Knapp, all from the Ungava Bay Section Posts, who were destined for "outside." We have since heard that Messrs. Crompton and Adams are taking educational courses and that Mr. Knapp is settling down to an intensive study of Art.

Rough weather followed the *Nascopie* home to Halifax, N.S., but when we docked on September 28th, 1937, it marked the close of a very successful trip, with good weather, congenial company, and the knowledge that yet another step had been made in the progress of the Company.

An informal luncheon was held at the Nova Scotian Hotel, Halifax, on the 28th September, presided over by Captain T. F. Smellie and attended by the Government party, R.C.M.P. and members of the District Staff disembarking from the *Nascopie*. Good-byes were said to passengers and fellow workers, and the District Office staff returned to Winnipeg after an absence of three months.

Mr. J. W. Anderson sailed from Montreal for Scotland on S.S. *Letitia* on October 1st, and is, we understand, having an enjoyable vacation at home. Messrs. Coates and Manning are vacationing in Newfoundland, and J. M. Stanners writes from England, having crossed over with E. J. Gall. O. M. Demment, late of Cape Dorset Post, is temporarily assisting at District Office.

Fur Traders will be interested to learn that all four private commercial radio stations erected during the summer at District Posts are on the air—yet another successful outcome of the experiments conducted on the *Nascopie* voyage.

POST STAFF MOVEMENTS

MACKENZIE-ATHABASCA DISTRICT

Name	From	To	Name	From	To
Wm. Macfarlane	Manager, Nipigon	Manager, Fort McMurray	A. Stewart	Apprentice, Pagwa	Apprentice, Fort Smith
S. S. Mackie	Furlough	Manager, Fort Resolution	D. K. Wilson	Apprentice, Fort Hope	Apprentice, Goldfields
W. R. Garbutt	Manager, Fort Resolution	Furlough	W. H. Black	Apprentice, Minaki	Apprentice, Chipewyan
A. A. Holliday	Apprentice, Fort Smith	Manager, Fort Fitzgerald	M. V. Morgan	Manager, Fitzgerald	F.T.C.O.
J. W. Maguire	Apprentice, Fort McKay	Apprentice, Fort Nelson	T. Scurfield	Apprentice, Chipewyan	Furlough

SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT

Name	From	To
W. W. Lowrie	Apprentice, Pelican Narrows	Acting Manager, Pelican Narrows Post
R. F. Millard	Apprentice, Beauval	Apprentice, Stanley Post
W. T. Clarke	Furlough	Manager, Gisipigmack Post
G. E. E. Miles	Apprentice, Gogama	Apprentice, Montreal Lake
W. J. Gordon	Transport Clerk, Churchill	Manager, Poplar River
J. Stewart	Manager, Little Grand Rapids	Furlough
G. C. M. Collins	Furlough	Winnipeg
D. Paterson	Manager, Berens River	Winnipeg Fur Purchasing Agency
J. Denton	Furlough	Manager, Cross Lake Post
R. Gemmill	Superior Huron District Office	Saskatchewan District Office, Winnipeg
George Anderson	Acting Manager, Fort Alexander	Manager, Little Grand Rapids

NELSON RIVER DISTRICT

J. L. Ford	Manager, Repulse Bay	Furlough
W. C. Brownie	Manager, Padley	Manager, Repulse Bay
T. C. Moore	Furlough	Manager, York Factory
W. G. McKinnie	Furlough	Manager, Granville Outpost
W. J. Mason	Clerk, Eskimo Point	Furlough
P. Dalrymple	Clerk, Baker Lake	Manager, Padley
T. Crawford	Furlough	Clerk, Tavane
R. Peel	Apprentice, Chesterfield	Apprentice, Baker Lake
W. J. Trafford	Apprentice, Tavane	Apprentice, Eskimo Point
S. H. Watson	Apprentice, Minaki	Apprentice, Churchill

SUPERIOR-HURON DISTRICT

John Mathieson	Manager, Ogoki	Manager, Ombabika
W. S. Franklin	Furlough	Manager, Peterbell
H. M. Park	Acting Manager, Peterbell	Manager, St. Anthony Mines Outpost
Wm. Howarth	Saskatchewan District Office	Accountant, Nipigon
A. E. McNaughton	Clerk, Minaki	Clerk, Hudson
W. C. Rothnie	Manager, Fort McMurray	Manager, Nipigon
W. Wraight	Manager, St. Anthony Mines Outpost	Fur Buyer, Sioux Lookout
H. M. Ross	Manager, Grassy Narrows	Manager, Temagami
L. Martin	Clerk, Nipigon	Clerk, Dinorwic

JAMES BAY DISTRICT

R. C. Ross	Apprentice, Weenusk	Apprentice, Attawapiskat
E. Lee	Apprentice, Grassy Narrows	Apprentice, Fort Hope
R. J. Campbell	Apprentice, Clear Lake	Manager, Grassy Narrows
A. Lellava	Apprentice, Fort Hope	Apprentice, Lansdown House
R. Gordon	Manager, Albany Post	Furlough
R. Thompson	Manager, Nemaska	Furlough

ST. LAWRENCE DISTRICT

Jean Fiset	Apprentice, Bersimis	Acting Manager, Barriere

UNGAVA DISTRICT

Name	From	To
P. A. C. Nichols	Apprentice, Lake Harbour	Acting Manager, Port Burwell
A. Stevenson	Apprentice, Arctic Bay	Apprentice, Fort Chimo
J. W. Bruce	Apprentice, Fort Chimo	Apprentice, Payne Bay
Alex. Smith	Manager, Port Harrison	Manager, Pond's Inlet
L. A. Learmonth	Manager, King William Land	Manager, Fort Ross
D. Goodyear	Manager, Cape Smith	Assistant, Fort Ross
E. W. Lyall	Interpreter, Arctic Bay	Interpreter, Fort Ross
J. R. Ford	Western Arctic District	Clerk, Pond's Inlet

LABRADOR DISTRICT

H. M. Budgell	Apprentice, Hopedale	Manager, Voisey's Bay Outpost
H. Leamon	Apprentice, Cartwright	Apprentice, Nain
Leonard Budgell	Apprentice, Rigolet	Apprentice, Cartwright
L. Saunders	Apprentice, Nain	Apprentice, Rigolet
D. M. Harris	New Appointment	Apprentice, Hopedale

BRITISH COLUMBIA DISTRICT

W. G. Crisp	Manager, McLeod's Lake	Manager, Telegraph Creek
Norman Henry	Manager, Fort Vermilion	Manager, Fort St. James
S. Stephen	Manager, Fort Good Hope	Manager, Upper Hay River
F. Reid	Manager, Pelican Narrows	Manager, Fort Vermilion
James Smith	Manager, Keg River	Manager, Little Red River
H. C. Borbridge	Apprentice, Upper Hay River	Acting Manager, Keg River
W. R. Henry	Manager, Poplar River	Manager, McLeod's Lake
Jas. Holden	Manager, Nipigon	Manager, Tacla
L. S. McBride	Manager, McDames Creek	Manager, Dease Lake
D. M. Cuthill	Manager, Cold Lake	Manager, Hudson's Hope
W. T. Winchester	Clerk, Port Simpson	Manager, Cold Lake
J. Copeland	Apprentice, McLeod's Lake	Apprentice, Wabasca
K. T. Vidler	Apprentice	Apprentice, Port Simpson
R. Walker	Manager, Hudson's Hope	Furlough
J. Gregg	Manager, Telegraph Creek	Special duty in Yukon

WESTERN ARCTIC DISTRICT

C. V. Rowan	Furlough	Manager, Fort Collinson
E. Donovan	Apprentice, Cambridge Bay	Apprentice, Fort Collinson
Ralph Jardine	Furlough	Manager, Bathurst Inlet
J. W. Nichols	Manager, Bathurst Inlet	Manager, Coppermine
J. E. Sidgwick	Manager, Fort Collinson	Manager, Tuktuk
L. G. White	Engineer, M.S. "Fort James"	Manager, Kugalook Outpost
Charles Reiach	Manager, Coppermine	Furlough
Wm. Gibson	Ungava District	Manager, King William Land
A. G. Figgures	Apprentice, Aklavik	Apprentice, Coppermine
Ian Wilson	Apprentice, Coppermine	Apprentice, Aklavik
Carl Larsen	Winnipeg Training School	Apprentice, Baillie Island
H. W. Hooper	Winnipeg Training School	Apprentice, Aklavik
Capt. R. J. Summers	Master, M.S. "Fort James"	England
Mate Wm. Starkes	Mate, M.S. "Fort James"	Newfoundland
S. K. McCleery	Western Arctic Transport	Vancouver F.P.A.
F. W. Mehmel	Western Arctic Transport	Regina F.P.A.
George McLeod	Manager, Tuktuk	Carpenter, Winnipeg

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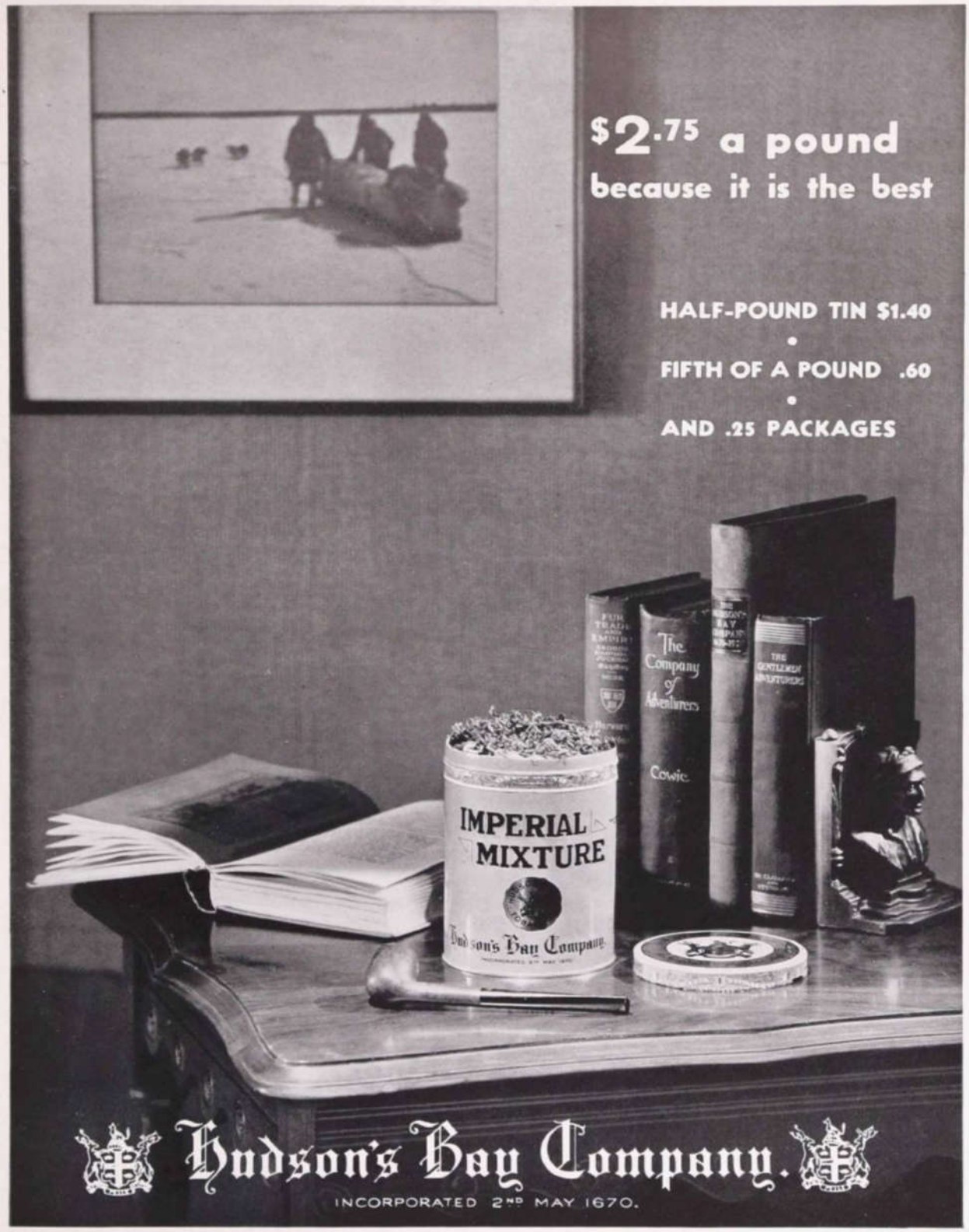
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